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# The CANADIAN FORUM

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## The Importance of Suez

► THE LONG-RUN IMPORTANCE of the Suez crisis lies not in what happens to world shipping or to European supplies of oil. Nor, as some think, does it lie in raising the question of how far a non-European state can go in unilaterally abrogating a concession half sanctified by international agreement. While very serious problems are posed by these aspects, they could be solved if the Western states applied to them the kind of ingenuity they have been capable of displaying in the past. What should alarm us most about the crisis produced by President Nasser's moves is the way in which the West, notably France and Britain, initially reacted to them. In being panic-stricken to the point of responding to Egypt's nationalization of the company operating the canal merely by rattling swords and sabres, the French and British governments demonstrated two points: (1) they seem ignorant of the true nature of the crisis now facing their countries and the West in general; (2) they and the West seem unable to devise adequate solutions to the problems created by that crisis.

Only the most blinding chauvinism or ethnocentrism can conceal from Westerners the fact that the days of unchallenged European and American ascendancy in international affairs are numbered. Henceforth the non-white peoples of Asia and Africa are going to play an increasingly decisive role. This would have been the case anyway, but in the days of "competitive co-existence" the potential strength of Asians and Africans assumes contemporary and immediate importance. For behind their aspirations and will for independence stands the ever-ready material power of the Soviet Union. The Communist states naturally welcome every opportunity to use the nationalist drives of non-whites for their own ends: the weakening of the West.

Basically the West has only two broad alternatives in its dealing with the Asian and African nationalism: it can try to stop or retard the growth of non-white power, or it can develop policies which will reconcile, so far as that is possible, the interests of both West and East. The former alternative has been tried often enough and has been found wanting. When Egypt's placing of the Canal Company under national ownership was met by troop movements, threats of occupation and martial, Kiplingesque editorials in the *London Times*, the West fell back on the old-fashioned and outworn formulas which, while effective in the nineteenth century, prepared the crisis which has produced bellicose near-lunacy today. The colonial powers and their supporters must realize that suppression by force of colonial or of any other aspirations which seem reasonable to the vast majority of Afro-

Asian peoples will no longer produce lasting solutions to current problems.

Since Afro-Asian growth in power cannot be stopped (indeed it would perhaps be undesirable to do so if it were possible) the second alternative must be applied: Western states must come to terms with the new conditions. In practice this means that the West must prepare its positions, as it were, in a world in which the balance of power will gradually shift to Asia and Africa. The white and non-white peoples of the world, even though organized into ambitious nation states, can be of mutual assistance to one another. The West must concentrate on devising imaginative ways in which this can be done, and it must try to do so in a manner which will improve its position in the "competitive co-existence" with the U.S.S.R.

So far schemes attempting to meet these requirements have emphasized almost exclusively capital and technical assistance to underdeveloped areas. While economic aid is of utmost importance it is no panacea. Indeed, it is likely that the more effective the help to Asians and Africans becomes, the sooner will new economic tensions develop between the present donors and the recipients. If Western civilization is to survive in the face of growing Afro-Asian power, programs of economic help must be supplemented by other short-run measures and long-run schemes. The very nature of inter-

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## Current Comment

### How Corrupt Is Quebec Politics?

An article by two Catholic priests, Abbe Gerard Dion and Abbe Louis O'Neill, written for a mimeographed publication called *Ad Usus Sacerdotum* which enjoys a modest circulation among the clergy, has found its way into the English-Canadian press. The result has been to focus national attention on the problem of political corruption in Quebec as described by the authors.

Their article, which deals in particular with the 1956 provincial election, condemns not only the Union Nationale but also the other Quebec parties for deliberately corrupting the electors by the propaganda of the "big lie," of character assassination, of wholesale bribery and intimidation. The clergy and the elite generally is blamed for acquiescing in, and even encouraging, this corruption of the minds of the masses. The two authors say "Those for whom morality is restricted almost entirely to the problem of shorts, sundresses and the Padlock Law will find our ideas very bold. But a Christian morality which respects the order of virtues, which holds charity, truth and justice to be fundamentals of social life, and which still can be shocked by lies, the perversion of consciences, the systematic corruption of right, cannot remain unmoved before the state of affairs now evident."

Political corruption is, of course, as old as Canadian politics. That genial and raffish system of spoils and bribery was the bricks and mortar out of which our ancestors constructed the Liberal and Conservative parties. A century of reform and increasing sophistication have done much to rid Canadian politics of these hereditary evils, though no one would be naive enough to assert that they have been banished everywhere and altogether. In particular, electoral corruption has always flourished in Quebec. Quebecers have a strong sporting instinct, and critical appreciation of the skill of the professional politicians has always been highly developed. A typical, and much appreciated, gambit of the professionals is to put up an "independent" candidate with exactly the same name as their principal opponent (the limited number of common French-Canadian Christian and surnames makes it fairly easy to find a complaisant namesake in almost any constituency). Party organization is sketchy and there are few institutional checks on the party organizers. Party funds come from contributions raised by the party machine, and the party now in power has perfected a notoriously thorough organization for exacting party funds from the holders of numerous licenses and permits necessary for various businesses. In an electoral contest, as Messrs. Dion and O'Neill point out, the principal weapons are propaganda and bribery.

The persistence of French-Canadian nationalism has always had a simplifying effect on Quebec politics. It is tempting for political parties to see every issue in terms of the defence of language and religion. There is no difficulty in expressing political issues in emotional, rather than rational, terms. For over twenty years Mr. Duplessis has skillfully enriched this mixture with anti-Communism. In recent years the instinctive skill of Quebec politicians at rabble-raising has been reinforced by the black arts of the advertising agencies. "Similar methods," say Messrs. Dion and O'Neill, "used in Communist countries, outrage our good people and stir the zeal of our Catholic journal-

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ists. In the Province of Quebec, they are quickly granted popular absolution. One even boasts of them, and laughs as though they were innocent pranks."

Bribery takes two forms—individual and communal. Humble electors may be bought at the price of their hospital bills, a television set, a pair of shoes, or even a generous plate of lentils. Communities can be bought by the expenditure of provincial funds on roads, bridges and schools. Responsible community leaders cannot be blind to local needs (local needs are seldom recognized in constituencies ungrateful enough to elect an Opposition member) and even the clergy often succumb to such prizes. One example cited will do: "Before going to vote," said one member of the clergy, "don't forget to look at our fine new school."

Such things no doubt are not confined to Quebec. But in Quebec the scale is different. The character of Quebec society places tremendous influence in the hands of a small élite—in particular the clergy. The two Laval professors have boldly denounced the dangers inherent in Quebec politics in a publication addressed to the clergy. This is perhaps the most significant thing about it. For other voices have said, and are saying, the same thing but there has seldom been such blunt speaking among the clergy.

It is a necessary paradox of French-Canadian politics that an intense group solidarity creates a monolithic appearance and a slowness to change. But within the society there has always been an intense and searching intellectual ferment—far more sophisticated and more searching than comparable discussion in English-Canadian circles. This vital and lively society is now subject to the intense strains of urban and industrial materialism. It is heartening to be reminded that those responsible for its moral health are not exclusively concerned with controlling the wearing of shorts and the advertising of brassieres.

J. R. MALLORY.

## The Democratic Convention

It was a foregone conclusion that the Democratic Convention would nominate Adlai Stevenson for the Presidency on the first or second ballot. Former President Truman's unexpected but hardly uncharacteristic open support of Governor Harriman and his bitter attacks on Stevenson served only to increase the probability of this outcome. When it appeared that Truman's action might force Stevenson to depend for his nomination on Southern delegations, notably the large Texas delegation led by Senate majority leader Lyndon Johnson, it was inevitable that the big industrial states of the North would swing to Stevenson to prevent this from happening. The governors of these states are always the real king-makers at conventions of their parties. At the 1952 Republican Convention it was the Republican governors of the Northeast who were Eisenhower's bulwarks of support in opposition to the Congressional leaders and the party bureaucrats who favored Taft. Since 1952 the Democrats have defeated Republican administrations in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and several other states, and retained control of Michigan. Most of the young governors of these states were for Stevenson and they were joined by most of the able young Congressional Democrats: Humphrey of Minnesota, Kennedy of Massachusetts, Kefauver and Gore of Tennessee, Neuberger of Oregon, to name only a few. The impression that the Stevenson "moderates" represented the future, while the Truman-Harriman forces stood for the slogans of the past and the Southern leaders for—well, for the South—was

overwhelming. The young Democratic Governors and Senators who were prominent at Chicago also contrasted sharply with the elderly businessmen in the Eisenhower Cabinet.

The main drama of the Presidential contest lay not in its outcome, but in the dismal chapter added to the biography of Harry Truman whose display of vanity and vindictiveness in trying to prevent Stevenson's nomination destroyed any real influence he possessed in the party. Lyndon Johnson was another frustrated king-maker. After Truman came out for Harriman, Johnson attempted to dictate to Stevenson the civil rights plank in the platform, the next national chairman of the Party, and the Vice-Presidential nominee in return for his support. Stevenson refused and when the previously uncommitted Michigan and New Jersey delegations and most of the released Kefauver delegates came out for him, Johnson's hopes of starting a Stop-Stevenson movement with himself or Senator Symington as the beneficiary were crushed. Stevenson then defied Johnson and Rayburn, the two Congressional leaders of the party, by submitting the Vice-Presidential nomination to open balloting, with the result that Kefauver, whom they dislike and distrust, carried off the prize.

The North-South fight over the civil rights issue was short-lived. A mealy-mouthed statement that avoided specific endorsement of the Supreme Court decision was adopted by the Convention. The fight waged by a group of Northerners for a stronger plank was largely a token struggle. The only real passion was displayed by Senator Herbert Lehman, the "conscience of the Senate," four times elected Governor of New York, millionaire, Jew, an old man who will not run for re-election. His words may come back to haunt the Democrats after November. In view of the bitterness and incipient violence aroused in the South by the Court's decision, one might have anticipated a more intense conflict than that of 1948 when several Southern delegations walked out of the Convention to form the States Rights Party, or 1952 when the leaders of four Southern states supported the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket. But since 1952 "regular" Democrats have won control of the states of the Deep South and they came to the Convention determined to remain and, if possible, to support its nominee.

The Stevenson-Kefauver ticket is the strongest the Democrats could have nominated. Stevenson may not thrill the eggheads as much as he once did, but he is tougher, more resourceful, and more experienced than he was in 1952. The "moderation" that he is supposed to stand for really means little more than "politics as usual" in a period lacking the sense of crisis and the social base required for electoral crusades of any kind.

DENNIS H. WRONG.

## Couchiching After Twenty-five Years

At the mature age of twenty-five years, the Couchiching Conference is being imitated in the eastern and western provinces. It occupies its own place in Canadian affairs, as an institution worth copying on a distant campus. Yet a quarter of a century is a long time in Canada's short history, and in that time the physical and intellectual dimensions of Canadian life have been transformed. This year's conference, so far as it could be judged from radio and press reports plus a one-night visit to the concluding session, gave the impression that its focus had become a little blurred.

This may be only because public discussion in Canada, as we hear it in Parliament and in most Legislatures, has an



atmosphere of unreality. Many old points of reference are not longer valid. New factors and new determinants have emerged in our national life, and they are not yet fully understood. The old clichés are losing their power to comfort. The old arguments, in which Canadians entered with much joy, have lost their magic.

Professor Underhill properly put the blame for a sense of futility and frustration in our politics upon the old men whose oppressive presence has discouraged change. Liberals are no longer liberal; Conservatives are no longer conservative; and the CCF is no longer socialist. This is a moment of perplexity when those behind cry "Forward!" and those before cry "Back!"

If Couchiching is a guide, some of the old arguments have still to be settled. The fact is that Canadians are confronted with a series of new arguments, and the New Canada which served as the theme of the 25th Conference appears distorted through the focus of 1931 concepts.

One example will illustrate the point. The final session, devoted to consideration of the coincidence and/or divergence of Canadian and American foreign policies, could have meaning only if it took account of the basic changes in the sources of policy in each country. The new factor, north of the border, is simply Canadian nationalism, and for good or ill, it will in future color Canadian attitudes to the United States and to the rest of the world. It makes the internationalist accent of our foreign policy less pallid than it has been. It eliminates the automatic nature of our relations with Great Britain on the one hand and the United States on the other. It may be good or bad, but it is here to stay for at least another quarter century of Couchiching Conferences, and its spokesmen for the conference panels, it seems, have still to be found.

B. T. RICHARDSON.

## The CCF's Metamorphosis

For all the fanfare accompanying their birth, the documents with which men seek to alter the pattern of life—treaties, manifestos and other declarations of principle and purpose—rarely possess the genuinely dramatic quality of surprise. What they do is solemnize, celebrate and project into the future events which have already occurred. Thus the drama in the CCF's new "declaration of principles" lies not in its willingness to embrace a "mixed economy" but in its readiness to acknowledge and legitimize the relationship. The metamorphosis of the CCF did not occur at its recent national convention in Winnipeg; it merely shed its cocoon there, revealing the transformation that had long taken place.

The significance of the change can be brought into clearest focus by contrasting the opening and concluding paragraphs of the Regina Manifesto with the corresponding passage of the new declaration.

"The CCF is a federation of organizations," the Regina Manifesto began, "whose purpose is the establishment in Canada of a Co-operative Commonwealth in which the principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs and not the making of profits."

"We aim to replace the present capitalist system, with its inherent injustice and inhumanity, by a social order from which the domination and exploitation of one class by another will be eliminated, in which economic planning will supersede unregulated private enterprise and competition, and in which genuine democratic self-government, based upon economic equality will be possible."

"No CCF Government," it concluded, "will rest content until it has eradicated capitalism and put into operation the full programme of socialized planning which will lead to the

establishment in Canada of the Co-operative Commonwealth."

Last month in Winnipeg the CCF declared, "In a co-operative commonwealth there will be an important role for public, private and co-operative enterprise, working together in the people's interest."

"The CCF has always recognized public ownership as the most effective means of breaking the stranglehold of private monopolies on the life of the nation and of facilitating the planning necessary for economic security and advance."

"At the same time, the CCF also recognizes that in many fields there will be a need of private enterprise which can make a useful contribution to the development of our economy."

"The CCF will, therefore, provide increased opportunities and security for private business as well as publicly owned industry."

In the past 23 years the Regina Manifesto has become partially enshrined in the CCF. Since men tend to become prisoners or eager servants of the gods they create, the CCF's formal decision to abandon both the spirit and the keystone of the document, which proclaimed its birth and its fate, was a momentous one for the party, no matter how subtly inexorable the renunciation may have been.

Viewed from the perspective of other parties and other countries, there is little cause for excitement in the CCF's new stand. Few subjects have been discussed as fully as the narrowing of ideological differences throughout so much of the western world. Parties of what was once comfortably known as the left and right have been relentlessly squeezed towards the center in the four-way vise of prosperity, the political immunity of most welfare legislation, victory and the sobering disenchantment of power (e.g., the British Labor Party and the CCF and Social Credit in the Canadian west) and, perhaps ultimately, the close and blood freezing look at the totalitarian monstrosities, inhabiting the two outer fringes of the political spectrum, towards whom each side had once cast flirtatious, sidelong glances. All four have combined to form that fragile, mysterious entity called "the climate of opinion" which reigns supreme and virtually unchallenged.

It has become unfashionable to write and talk about politics without lamenting the absence of the old certainties that once lent political combat genuine zest, fury and hope. These qualities, to reach to the bottom of the metaphorical barrel, inevitably accompany knights in shining armour who go forth to do battle with fire-breathing dragons. Perhaps it has been the stranger than fiction quality of having these dragons materialize so unimaginably hideous in the past two decades that has stripped our old fashioned, home grown villains of their menace. Without the black, there can be no white; and without illusion no inspiration.

For those who find comfort in the consistency of human affairs, it may be of minor interest to note that the CCF's labor pains were greeted with scepticism and mild derision in the editorial columns of the Conservative *Montreal Gazette* and *Toronto Globe and Mail*. The Liberal *Toronto Daily Star* and *Winnipeg Free Press*, however, marked the event with almost as much compassion and concern as — well, perhaps an anxious kinsman?

Indeed the *Toronto Star* commented editorially "The CCF leaders probably felt that both honesty and political necessity left them no choice but to water down socialism in this way. There is a danger, however, that it will result in the CCF losing its distinctive identity in the public mind. CCF'ers will now come closer to fitting Prime Minister St. Laurent's definition of them: 'Liberals in a hurry.'"



This prospect will hardly terrify the CCF leaders since they are well aware that the best thing that could happen to them — and indeed it has been the main secret of their past success — would be to be regarded by the voters as "Liberals in a hurry."

Any metamorphosis may be regarded as a coming of age or a death or a mixture of both. In abandoning its belief in social ownership, the CCF has not, as it perhaps thinks, merely abandoned the means. It has also said farewell to the ends. Socialists never regarded social ownership as an end in itself. It was *the* chosen instrument in the quest for complete equality of opportunity. It was, if metaphors may be allowed to run wild, the keystone in the arch of the socialist utopia. This utopian vision has long receded. Now, although it may be too painful for the CCF to admit and possibly even believe, the vision has been formally abandoned.

There is always something compelling about the human desire to achieve perfection, however impossible of attainment the ultimate goal may appear to the onlooker. What he may not realize is the incredible distance which men may move only because of their desire to seize a mirage and make it real, just as those who seek it are incapable of believing that mirages are not real and that therefore no matter how far one travels, one never catches up with the vision. And if, perchance, the vision ever should be real, how could it be attained without the effort?

If there is something sad in the CCF's new and more limited aspirations, there is also something heartening in them. However beautiful the world of fantasy, it is inescapably associated with childhood, adolescence and the flight from painful reality. In the metamorphosis which it completed in Winnipeg, the CCF renounced its innocence and hope in order to live and accomplish in the "real" world. Waiving the question of the inevitability of the change, the question of which of these objectives ought to count more heavily in the balance is a matter of one's personal opinion and has nothing whatever to do with logic.

LEO ZAKUTA.

## Canadian Calendar

- Dividend payments by Canadian companies for the first seven months of 1956 are 14 per cent ahead of the same period last year.
- Foreign investors poured \$33,900,000 into Canadian securities during May, the second highest monthly total in more than five years.
- The three Molière farces presented by the Theatre du Nouveau Monde of Montreal at this year's Stratford Festival, may be given in New York in December, according to a tentative agreement with the Phoenix Theatre of that city.



"DRAT THE BOY! HE KEEPS FORGETTING THE DOWRY!"

- A portion of India's first atomic reactor is nearing completion at Lauzon, Que. Canada undertook as part of her Colombo Plan commitments to contribute part of the reactor, which India plans to erect near Bombay. Canada will contribute \$7,500,000 of its total cost of \$17,000,000.
- The first link of a cable to carry hydro-electric power from B.C. mainland to Vancouver Island — the world's first attempt to lay high-voltage cable under water—was laid by the 4,600-ton Ocean Layer near Galiano Island in the Gulf of Georgia, during July.
- External Affairs Minister Pearson told the Commons on July 24, that Canada will discuss with the United Kingdom, the United States and France, the question of imposing some limitation on hydrogen-bomb tests.
- Consumer price indexes were higher in all ten regional cities of Canada between May and June. The increase ranged from .4 per cent in Winnipeg to 1.3 per cent in Montreal. Increases in the food index ranged from .7 in Vancouver to 4 per cent in Toronto.
- Heavy Canadian buying of foreign machinery, automobiles, oil, steel and other industrial needs has been mainly responsible for record-breaking imports this year, which amounted to \$1,804,000,000 for the first four months of this year, up 31 per cent from last year in the same period. The deficit in foreign trade swelled to \$365,000,000 for the first four months, five times greater than the \$66,300,000 deficit last year.
- On July 25, the Commons gave final approval to a Bill embodying the new fiscal proposals being made by the Government to the provinces. The legislation provides that provinces wishing to sign tax agreements with Ottawa will receive 10 per cent of the personal income-tax, 9 per cent of the corporation tax and 50 per cent of the succession duties estimated as collected within their boundaries. Additional payments will be made to bring all the provinces up to the per capita level of revenue found in Ontario and British Columbia.
- The Defence Department announced on July 27, the retirements of Maj.-Gen. Elliott Rodgers, 48, vice-chief of the Army General Staff and Air-Marshal John L. Plant, 46, chief of the RCAF's Air Material Command here.
- Prime Minister St. Laurent has written to Premier Bulganin reasserting this country's firmly held view that disarmament should be accomplished under UN agreement with machinery to ensure it is carried out.
- On Aug. 13 and 14 took place in Tatmagouche, N.S., the Nova Scotia Arts Festival, believed by its sponsors to be the first summer festival in Canada to embrace, not merely music and drama, but all fields of arts and crafts.
- Prime Minister St. Laurent said on July 30, that Canada will seek international recognition on an extension of its territorial waters to 12 miles offshore instead of the present three miles.
- Canadian farmers, helped by sudden spurts of imports by Russia and Communist countries in Eastern Europe, entered the new crop year with a grain carry-over estimated at about 35,000,000 bushels smaller than last year.
- External Affairs Minister Pearson announced on August 2, that Canada and the United States had authorized the International Joint Commission to study and recommend on the feasibility of developing hydro-electric power from the international Tidal Power potential of Passamaquoddy Bay on the New Brunswick-Maine border.
- Canada's domestic exports, led by higher wheat shipments, rose 11.7 per cent in the first six months of this year to \$2,270,100,000 from \$2,031,900,000 in the same period of 1955.
- Canada's wheat exports reached a three-year high in the ten months up to May 31.
- Educational grants totalling \$2,500,000 to 140 institutions in all parts of Canada were announced by the International Nickel Co. of Canada in August.
- Awards for building contracts through July this year are running 24 per cent ahead of the previous peak in 1955.
- A scathing denunciation of Canada's defense policy was made by retired Maj.-Gen. W. H. S. Macklin on Aug. 8, at the annual Couchiching Conference near Orillia. He charged the Federal Government's policy permitted an undue degree of interference in Canadian sovereignty by the United States.
- Legislation paving the way for Indians to purchase liquor in Government stores was given second reading in the Commons on August 7.
- Major-General Sidney Chilton Mewburn, 93, statesman, soldier, lawyer and businessman, died on Aug. 11 in Hamilton. He was Canada's Minister of Militia during the First World War and later chairman of the Canadian Battlefield Memorial Commission which erected the Vimy memorial.
- Premier Bennett has called an election in British Columbia for September 19.
- At the Mount Allison Summer Institute in Sackville, N.B., Wilfrid Eggleston pointed out that the Canadian buys on the average one serious book a year and that Canada produces about 500 new titles annually as against 20 times that number in Great Britain, which has a population roughly 3 times our own.
- Russian Fisheries Minister Ishkov's three-week visit to Canada will include nine days of touring fisheries establishments on both coasts.
- The Government ended the 1955-56 fiscal year with a deficit of \$33,000,000. This is less than the estimated deficit of \$52,000,000.
- In July 5,789,000 people out of a labor force estimated at 5,891,000 were employed in Canada.
- In a new manifesto of policy the CCF party at a convention in Winnipeg on Aug. 2 rejected the Regina declaration of 1932, and in a 24-paragraph platform advocated a swing to the right, a society with public, private and co-operative enterprise.
- Carloadings on Canadian railways increased 8 per cent in the third week of July to 95,342 from 87,790 a year earlier.
- 465,678 motor vehicles (passenger and commercial), with a retail value of \$1,255,890,000 were sold in Canada last year, a figure exceeding any previous year in number and value.
- Two members of the liberal reform group in the Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec, Rev. Gerard Dion, head of the department of industrial relations of the faculty of social sciences of Laval University and Rev. Louis O'Neill, assistant chaplain of the faculties of science, commerce and forestry engineering and chaplain of Catholic Action at the University, have published an indictment of political morality in Quebec, based on appraisal of the June 20 provincial election campaign.

- On July 20, Saskatchewan had 1,931 oil wells capable of production, an increase of 287 since Dec. 20, 1955.
- Canada exported 43,500,000 bushels of wheat in grain form in June, a record for recent years.
- The National Ballet Company of Canada opened a two-week's run in the Carter Baron Amphitheatre in Washington, D.C., on August 2.

## American Poetry At the Mid-Century

► ALL ANTHOLOGIES may be considered abominable, since at the very best they reduce poetry to a box of after-dinner mints, and can never provide more than fragments of what we want to see complete. The happy few read a poet in entirety—all of Frost, all of Yeats—and find there the overwhelming experience that poetry is fabled for; then read anthologies only to find new poets, or to survey a wider field. The two anthologies here, *Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards*, 1955 and *Fifteen Modern American Poets*, offer a chance to survey the present state of American poetry in a superficial way, and may lead to some interesting (debatable) conclusions, but the reader will go to the separate poets themselves for his own fair judgment.

About the first, the annual Borestone Mountain Awards—"A Compilation of Original Poetry Published in Magazines of the English-speaking World"—one is inclined to ask why this type of anthology is ever published at all. "Give the Awards," one would say, "but don't reprint seventy-six unsuccessful nominations—all from 'magazines of the English-speaking world!'" Magazine poetry is so conventionalized a choice of what the poets of a given year have written that to make magazines a source for anthologies betrays an astonishing innocence and trust in the magazine form as "literature," and a corresponding lack of faith in poets themselves.

(Magazines of large circulation can no more provide art, whether in poetry or prose, than the CBC can, no matter how piously it tries, in its TV shows and Wednesday Nights. The conditions for art which are prohibited to mass communications are easy to define: honesty of mind, and a willingness to touch the most sensitive issues of religion, politics, sex, with clarity. Can we conceive that the CBC, or a popular magazine, would undertake to do what E.E. Cummings has done in his poetry, or Lawrence, or Pound, or even Eliot when he was really at the core of his subject—"the young man carbuncular"—"Sweeny shifts from ham to ham" etc.? Herein lies the menace of mass communications, in their inevitable antiseptic sterility, the totalitarian inner check.)

The magazine anthology is therefore bound to be an anaemic exhibition at the best of times: it is poetry that had lost its virility long before it reached the honorable judges.

But the "magazine touch"—whether from the tepid little poetry mags or from the older periodicals—is a special feature of American poetry at the mid-century, more so now that books of poetry have almost no sale at all, and that poets have for the most part obeyed the conservative swing and have learned to "accept their society." The truth of this is brought out by both of the anthologies under review.

The prizewinning poem in the Borestone book, for example, is one by Robert Hillyer in nostalgic-polemical

heroic couplets, containing fine sentiment about the pleasures of reading and some anti-modernist thrusts of wit. In other words, a poem in the old unregenerate style, with a cloak of contemporary speech. The Second Prize goes to Phillis McGinley for a poem in traditionally-rhymed tetrameter as rigid as the couplet, opening thus:

"Since this ingenious earth began  
To shape itself from fire and rubble;  
Since God invented man, and man  
At once fell to inventing trouble,  
One virtue, one subversive grace  
Has chiefly vexed the human race . . ."

Clearly not much can be done with this kind of rhythm, no matter how intense the skill and revision.

For contrast, one might try to scan the first two lines of the poem by Robert Frost (not entered in the poetry contest) which opens this annual collection:

"I opened the door so my last look  
Should be taken outside a house and book . . ."

This is "traditional" with a difference.

The run of the poems in this magazine anthology—seventy-six out of some two thousand submitted, certainly a distillation—are extremely clean and polished and well-made; there is no doubt of that; they are perfect showpieces: and yet reading page after page, for a second time, one knows that they are somehow flat, conventional, empty of any gust of poetry. Consider this:

"Say not of wisdom, he is old  
And keeps slim house in an old man's skull,  
Wisdom is light of foot and bold,  
In a little boy he is beautiful."

Or this:

"Nature is not cruel though it immature  
Within itself what was the dream before the will . . ."

Or:

"How can I help but hold  
That something dearer than time has been  
lost since my summer began?  
Why are there no new marvels to take the  
place of the old?  
The shore might as well be inland. A boy  
might as well be a man."

Not to mention that the old complaints are here, the slightly-concealed formulas of external romanticism (not the great inward drives), these poems, most of them, suffer from a narrowness of frame: they have not shaken the poor fiction of our acquired habits, assumptions, big and little beliefs; they do not strike beyond the unnecessary, however tolerable, premises on which all our "sense of reality" is laid. The true poem always makes that further exploration, or takes the abyss for granted, knowing what arbitrary rubbish this world is.

Such a vision, a going beyond, is presupposed in the two extraordinary poems with which the book opens, one by Frost, the other by Robinson Jeffers. Here is Frost, groping in that strangeness:

"A symbol was all he could hope to convey,  
An imitation, a shot of ray,  
A meaning I was supposed to seek,  
And finding, was indisposed to speak."

And here Jeffers:

"We know that life  
Is on the whole quite equally good and bad,  
mostly grey neutral, and can be endured  
To the dim end, no matter what magic of grass,  
water and precipice, and pain of wounds  
Makes death look dear."



These poems were not competing for prizes. Among the seventy or so others, the four or five I found excellent were free also from any superficiality of "Fancy"—to take the word from Coleridge—and showed "Imagination". These were by poets already known, in a class different from occasional magazine-verse writers: Dannie Abse (from England) and John Ciardi. The rest were what might be expected from the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Saturday Review*, etc. Two or three from Canada—one by John Glassco, a sort of "Locksley Hall 160 Years After" where everything's-changed-but-the-poetic-technic—hardly provided relief from so much glitter of efficiency.

*Fifteen Modern American Poets* is not magazine verse but the more serious article. The paradox, however, is that in mid-century U.S.A. the current poets of prominence as a whole suffer from the same failings as the magazine-verse writers, and some of the poets are even regular contributors to large-scale magazines. Their book (in pattern and quality very much like John Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets* of a few years ago) is designed by Rinehart to be suitable as a college text in the new poetry; the college touch, as much as the magazine touch, is everywhere in evidence. (We can avoid the word "academic.") But the sources of conformity, in what has already been christened "The Age of Conformity," must run deeper than either of these surface features.

Politics in the broad sense is no doubt at the root of the current conservatism: one might even call this new poetry since 1940 the School of American Imperial Responsibility. Critical discussion of this intellectual withdrawal from fighting positions has hardly begun as yet, though John Aldridge, Irving Howe, and Randall Jarrell have struck some good blows.

Archibald MacLeish would certainly have no cause to call these poets irresponsible. They have in fact answered his criticism of the Great Revolt of modern literature: they have renounced revolt and accepted the new American responsibility.

In a more literary perspective, omitting qualifications that can be made, the generation of American poets which includes Howard Nemerov, Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell himself, Karl Shapiro, Richard Wilbur (and others not in this collection, John Ciardi, Kenneth Rexroth), stands to the first generation of modern poets who began in 1910 in almost the same relation as the Victorians stood to the Romantics. We are now in the Victorian stage, alas, of modern poetry.

The manner of leaning on the older moderns that these poets have is in every way embarrassing and damaging to their poetry. There is no criticism at first sight so devastating as the discovery of borrowed rhythms, intonation, theme, or emotional tone—though critics often make mistaken analogies of this—and the question is always whether a new personality is doing the work of digestion; but in recent American poetry, in any case, distinct echoes, and even line-patterns, taken from earlier poets of this century are common. Delmore Schwartz, the worst offender, has the ghost of Eliot within him much of the time, and can write in perfect echo of "La Figlia Che Piange":

"Some *bon vivant* of the heart might have come for her,  
If not for me, sick in all consciousness,  
Someone as rich and gay as music is,  
And not like me drawn by each straining cur  
Ambition and desire loose to the game,  
Some being unpossessed and generous.  
She would have sung and been spontaneous,  
And sauntered in the summer's foam and flame.

Yet from the sadness of what has not been,  
Look how there is, above unhappiness,  
A certain thing which is not meaningless . . ."

James Schevill, another echo poet, has swallowed Miss Moore and her animals whole. And Richard Wilbur, for all his unique loveliness, loots from Robert Frost, Marianne Moore, and Wallace Stevens. Here is the Frost element:

"And doubtless it is dangerous to love  
This somersault of seasons;  
But I am weary of  
The winter way of loving things for reasons."

And here an echo of Wallace Stevens:

"A striped blouse in a clearing by Bazille  
Is, you may say, a patroness of boughs  
Too queenly kind toward nature to be kin . . ."

The only thing that the new poets have not taken from the earlier generation is their large spirit, their war on the modern world and on the dead century past. The influences here are mainly the now-benign ones of Eliot, Yeats, Marianne Moore, Stevens, and Frost; there is no lesson learned and carried from Jeffers, Sandburg, Williams, Cummings, Pound, and other radical voices. "It is our sensitiveness to complexities," complacently writes an apologist of this Silent Generation, "that renders us *silent*—that, with a high ideal of taste of the absolutely first rate in life and art, which may finally prove to be our distinguishing virtue." A cooler funeral oration cannot be imagined.

Thus Elizabeth Bishop records her delight in experience with lines like "Cries galore/come from the water-closet door . . ." but when this gaiety assumes attitudes of acceptance for the debasing fictions of advertising and trivia, one must be distressed, and certainly T. S. Eliot himself would be shocked:

"over our churches  
where the tin rooster perches  
over our little wooden northern houses,  
making sallies  
from all the muddy allies,  
marking out maps like Rand McNally's . . ."

That is more like Eddie Cantor than like Auden-MacNeice. So too, Josephine Miles, with an ideal creative-writing-teacher's style, tells us explicitly that aspiring to fly high, or to climb mountains of enterprise, is prohibited for this generation:

"I would legislate against the Icarian downfall  
As against the ascent of F6,  
And take care  
That the great legal skies of human vision  
Observe their human shore."

Or Karl Shapiro, taking his set subject, "Drug Store," launches off into that mannered over rhetoric which a few years ago wrought havoc with Canadian poets like P. K. Page, but this irony wills no time's change in the present world:

"It baffles the foreigner like an idiom,  
And he is right to adopt it is a form  
Less serious than the living-room or bar;  
For it disestablishes the café,  
Is a collective, and on basic country . . ."

With such programs, even if these poets escape from a superficial surface glitter—a fair descriptive phrase for the poets Bishop, Miles, Schevill, Winfield Townley Scott, Warren, Wilbur, Shapiro—they run to the extremes of would-be-imaginative confusion. The Great Welshman was a prime example of the overvaluing of "creativity" for its own sake, without regard to what the poet has to say, which is one of the redoubtable vices of true romanticism. (Practically no one among Thomas's oh-ing and ah-ing audiences knew

what the poetry was really about.) Of such inspired poets in America Richard Eberhart is the most notorious example; he is probably the leading Bad Poet of the period, with Miss Rukeyser competing for second place. "Cover me over, clover . . ." and "If I could only live at the pitch that is near madness . . ." are some of his memorable exclamations of the past, but in this book the closing line "Christ, Christ! reality! reality! what is it?" turns the page on anything he has done before. And yet even Eberhart, for all his ludicrous furor, has written one poem "The Groundhog"—not in this collection—which gives him a respectable place among contemporary poets.

The category of the possessed, which Eberhart defines, includes poets of varied talent: Robert Lowell, dynamically cursing for sweet religion's sake, whatever advantage there is in that; Theodore Roethke, poet among the tubers, who tries to achieve the unconsciousness of vegetables; Randall Jarrell, who, despite the intellectual congestion from which he invariably suffers, writes several excellent individual poems; also Muriel Rukeyser, whose verbosity and ecstasy shifts to the dryness of Marianne Moore at times, without any gain. But not one of these poets aims practically at the roots of contemporary life with the kind of clarity that Lawrence or Jeffers had. No less than that of their glittering counterparts, the journalese poets—Shapiro, W. T. Scott, etc.—the poetry of the visionaries is arrested in philosophic apathy, depicting forms of anxiety and enclosed aspiration. They describe the inner world with the same lack of a healthy critical objective that must be deplored in the new extravert social poets.

In sum, these poets of a neo-classical conformity impress with many well-written poems, without having the continuity of poetic energy or being represented by any single poet of mark. The best as well as the most representative of the generation—unless Richard Wilbur takes the palm from him—is probably, as one might have foretold, Karl Shapiro. His reputation stands high with good reason. But all the new poetry is somehow as discouraging as the politics and the suburban comforts of post-war America; and one feels that there can be no "visceral poetry" out of this until there is a return to the critical realism of the tens and twenties; that is, unless we establish continuity with the two main sources—primary romanticism (Blake and Shelley), and the energetic modern vein, of Pound, Williams, Cummings, and their kind.

LOUIS DUDEK.

#### CORRECTION

In our last issue we inadvertently misspelt the name of the author of the article "Judith Hearne." The author's name is Robert L. McDougall.



## Calgary Stampede

(An Englishman's Impression)

► WE HAVE JUST HAD our first holiday in Canada and a very great success it was too. We were the recipients of hospitality on the truly magnificent scale for which western North America is famous. A lady whom I met only briefly at a conference in Calgary some 6 or 8 weeks ago, wrote to me "out of the blue" to say that she had enjoyed our conversation and would I like to bring my whole family to Calgary for the Calgary Stampede and Rodeo!

Stampede Week in Calgary is one of the most famous and popular events on the continent and this is no exaggeration. Every available inch of rentable accommodation is let months in advance to visitors from all over Canada and the United States.

On Monday morning, July 10, we set off for the city centre to watch the great stampede parade. The parade takes 2½ hours to pass a particular point and it is necessary to take up a place at least 1½ hours in advance of the starting time if one is to see everything. As soon as we got "downtown" the children set off to reconnoitre for a good position and, when they failed to report back to "headquarters", I had to go off in search of them. I found them sat on top of a Canadian Pacific freight car.

After I had hauled the children off the freight car and prudently set them on the curb, we could look around at the crowd and compare it with an English crowd. The first difference we noticed was, of course, in color; it is the fashion during stampede week for the men to wear highly colored shirts and ten-gallon hats and, indeed, this is also the common form of garb for the women. Practically all the children were dressed up in pioneer outfits and cowboy suits. Every other little boy one meets is wearing a Davy Crockett outfit, complete to a belt and a pair of six-shooters. Surprisingly, the crowd was not as demonstrative as an English crowd is at street parades. During the whole 2½ hours parade the crowd around me never once burst into cheers, though there was a very great deal to cheer about.

Long before the parade reached us (and this was at about 10.15 a.m.) the sun was shining brightly and it began to get hot. To me it was uncomfortably hot but the 80° or so which the thermometer actually achieved was nothing compared to the temperatures later in the week. I actually sat one whole afternoon in a temperature of 95°!

The stampede parade is primarily devoted to commemoration of the old days of the west. First came the inevitable "dignitaries." The Premier of Alberta (coolly clapped—Calgary on the whole does not support the present Alberta Government) and the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief of Police, and so forth. Then the Mayor of Calgary, a truly colorful fellow who stumps up and down the North American continent all year publicising the stampede. Wherever he goes he carries with him a supply of ten-gallon hats which he presents to people very much as a British mayor presents local products from his city. Anybody who is anybody is presented with such a hat the moment he gets to Calgary.

The mayor rode in the stampede parade on horseback dressed up to the nines with chaps, moccasins, neckerchief, and spurs. His horse capered and cantered around the road much to the delight of the crowd.

After the mayor came the old-timers—people who were here when wild buffalo roamed over what are now busy streets! Alberta has just celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence as a Canadian Province and consequently these old-timers are being made much of at present. (Indeed, the Alberta Government is giving them all a bonus of fifty dollars.) The oldest of them all rode in a lumbering stage

coach which used to ply between Edmonton and Calgary before there were railroads or motor vehicles.

Next a whole welter of trick riders, cowboys, Indian braves, squaws, and papooses gloriously dressed in traditional garb and riding in tribal groups. The three tribes of southern Alberta are the Blackfoot, the Stoneys, and the Sarcees. Then came the covered wagons, the chuck wagons, the open wagons, the farm wagons, and every other sort of wagon one could imagine, all containing tableaux depicting scenes from western life.

After them followed the more modern representations: the advertising floats of the big firms, including one of the now famous steel bands from Trinidad brought here by the Esso Petroleum Co. Then, of course, there were the Armed Services and civic organisations, including the magnificent pipe band of the Calgary Highlanders. Inflated rubber monsters, trick cyclists, and the inevitable man who had forgotten to put on his trousers were also in the parade. The whole thing was rounded off by lorries from the city water and electricity department and fire engines from the fire station. Every hundred yards or so throughout the parade were bands from all parts of Alberta, British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Idaho, Montana, Washington State, Wyoming and Utah. High school bands, Elks' bands, Lions' bands, Kiwanis bands, girls' bands, boys' bands and old-timers' bands. And even the Salvation Army band! Everyone of them, with the exception of the last, was led by four pretty, prancing and half-naked teen-age girls, prettily twirling batons and performing voluptuous dancing steps. Throughout Alberta, organisations put forward nominations for the stampede queen and an election is held to decide the winner. This year a beautiful and buxom young lady from the town of Ponoka, 150 miles north of Calgary, was the Queen. She was the nominee of the Alberta branch of the Canadian Commercial Travellers' Association. Trust the commercial travellers to know a good one when they see her.

Naturally, the children were delighted by all this, and not least by the clowns placed on every street corner who turned cartwheels in the road and embarrassed all the pretty girls by whisking them out into the roadway for a grease-paint kiss. One of these clowns came up to my son, Timothy, and spent five minutes trying to pull Tim's hat off his head. No matter how he pulled and tugged and pushed at the hat, and even though he rested one knee on his shoulder, somehow the hat was stuck like glue on his head—a masterful piece of clowning which had us all in stitches.

Each morning during the rest of the week one or other of the adults in the house took all the children "downtown" to enjoy the street shows. All the main streets round the city centre are closed to traffic and cowboy and Indian parades and demonstrations are held. Square dancing takes place to "cowboy" bands comprised mainly of ukuleles and other "musical" instruments of the same family. Chuck wagons are drawn up at intervals along the streets and cowboy cooks serve free flapjacks and rashers of bacon from griddles set up on open fires. One morning we saw the judging of the Indian tribal dresses and saw the performance of a tribal dance complete with blood curdling screams. We paid five visits to the stampede grounds which contain the rodeo arena; an Indian village of some twenty tepees; enormous livestock exhibition pavilions; industrial and agricultural exhibitions; side shows, whirligigs, and roundabouts.

First the rodeo. Every afternoon from 1.30 until 5 o'clock the arena, which holds 25,000, is packed for the traditional events. The performers at Calgary are the top men of North America. The cowboys come from as far south as Texas and New Mexico, and try to win the handsome prize monies which are at stake. The heats go on all week and the finals

are held on the last day. I was absolutely enthralled by most of the events and certainly this form of entertainment must be one of the most exhilarating in the modern world. The most highly contested event is the bronco busting. The cowboy drops on to the back of a wild horse while it is confined in a very narrow "chute." The door of the chute is then thrown open and out comes the horse, kicking and lashing, doubling and whirling, as I thought an animal never could. The cowboy has to stay on the horse for 20 seconds, during which time he must spur the animal five times. There are two separate events, one in which the horse is saddled, and one in which it is ridden bareback. There are no reins—only a short rope with one loose end to which the cowboy can hold. The winner of the event is the cowboy who gains the most points for the skill with which he manages the animal. The first prize for this event is something like £1,500.

Another event is steer decorating, in which the cowboy has to leap from his horse and cling on to the neck of a runaway steer and slip a red ribbon over one of its horns. Quite a number of the cowboys accomplished this feat in less than three seconds.

My favourite event was the calf roping. This is really a very skillful operation and is one which is truly a part of any good cowboy's daily working life. A well-grown calf is released from a pen and charges across the arena. The cowboy chases after it on horseback. He has to catch the calf with his lariat and bring it to a halt *without* jolting the calf brutally or pulling it off its feet. This must be astonishingly difficult for the calves run very quickly. When the calf has been roped, the cowboy must leap from the horse, throw the calf on its back and rope together three of the calf's legs so that it cannot move from the ground. Another vital element in this operation is the horse, to which the other end of the rope is hitched. The horse must not move after the cowboy has leaped from its back, except to get nearer to the calf so as to give the cowboy more rope. There is a penalty of ten seconds if the horse drags the calf. This whole process is carried out by the top rodeo cowboys in as little as sixteen seconds!

The other event of importance was bull-riding. The adult cowboys (there was a novices' event as well) used enormous Brahma bulls, bred now in Texas but imported from India. They are particularly cantankerous animals, very fearsome to behold. The cowboy has to stay aloft on the bull for eight seconds. A very large number of them did not accomplish this feat. During the bull riding event three rodeo clowns were in the arena. Their job was to distract the attention of the bull so that the rider could get away when he had fallen off. These rodeo clowns performed feats of hair-raising recklessness and had all our hearts in our mouths or tears of laughter in our eyes.

On one evening we returned to the arena for the chuck-wagon races. A chuck-wagon is a fairly small covered wagon from which food is served to cowboys out on the range. The rodeo program says they are about 1,300 lbs. in weight. They are drawn by teams of four horses and each chuck wagon has four "out-riders." Four of these chuck wagons race in each heat right around the outer circle of the arena starting off by performing a figure of eight on the arena itself. Apparently these races are quite the most dangerous events of all the stampede and following on last week's events there are at least two men in hospital seriously injured and several horses had to be shot. I suppose they are the nearest thing there is in these days to the ancient Roman chariot races.

Each time we went to the stampede grounds we visited the Indian village. The tepees are all decorated with the appropriate symbols of the tribe and the Indian village life goes on within the circle made by the tepees.



Nearly all the hot dog stalls, refreshment booths and similar stalls at the stampede were set up and manned by churches and voluntary organizations. I am informed that some of these bodies run all their affairs on the proceeds from the stampede week stall.

Children are not charged to enter the stampede grounds and are, therefore, not counted in the number of those attending. During the six days, however, 520,000 people paid for admission to the grounds! This surely proves it to be one of the most extraordinarily successful events of its kind in any country of the world.

## Letter from the Costa Brava

► THE COSTA BRAVA is a handsome piece of coastland extending along the Mediterranean, from the French border to about thirty miles North of Barcelona. Its attractions include constant sun, sand and rocks, fresh fish brought back twice daily by the local fishermen, and sardana (a folkdance) on the streets at least two nights every week. This may be taken as an introductory apology for the lack of topical information which this letter will probably display. Paris is hundreds of miles away and newspapers arrive three days late.

French newspapers, that is. As for the native variety, they show rather exclusive concern for the local football games, and of course bull fights, and scanty information on what goes on in Spain and abroad. The few days spent here haven't, besides, made me enough of an expert on Spain to report on much more than the striking looks of Spanish girls between the ages of 12 and 20 (older women are fat, and babies are skinny), the cleanliness (despite traditional reports) of the houses with their tiled floors and scrubbed tiles halfway up the walls, and the wonderful kindness of the people, a kindness with no trace of servility but rather, a great deal of intelligence and self-respect. Not even the constant presence of the guardia civil on the beaches can spoil this general pleasantness. (We haven't yet discovered what aspect of bad behaviour they are watching against. Certainly, their garb, and specially their shiny varnished hats, makes it clear that they are not expected to jump into the water in case of an emergency.) And this village seems to get enough money from the tourist trade in the summer, and the sale of fish to Barcelona all year round, to enable its inhabitants to escape the poverty which we would encounter elsewhere. Most of the tourists here are Spaniards, the international crowd having congregated in nearby Tossa de Mar, which receives the overflow of Brighton and Cannes. Local attempts to address the occasional foreigner in his own tongue result here in this advertisement seen in a shop window: "Manicure, and to deprive of hair a la wax."

Needless to say, the fact that twenty years ago this August, Federico Garcia Lorca was murdered in Granada by the Franquists, is being recalled in the French, rather than the Spanish, press. As a matter of fact, it seems that Lorca's Andalusian regionalism also prevents him from being appreciated by the younger generation of antifacist students, who look to more "intellectual" masters. Meanwhile, the great dramatic and tragic qualities of his plays make *Yerma*, *la Casa de Bernarda* and *Bodas de Sangre* return frequently to the Paris stage.

Which brings us back to Paris, whose stage, at the present moment, is taking a well-deserved holiday. Almost fifty theatres have closed this month. The handful which remain

open give the summer visitors a choice between a revival of "avant-garde" *Waiting for Godot*, by the Irishman Beckett, a disciple of Joyce who writes his works both in English and in French; a variety of light (the adjective referring both to script and clothing) entertainment; and the mime Marceau, whose wonderful silent performances make him an intelligible must for all.

Between fall and summer, 121 shows were shown in Paris on the legitimate stage. They range all the way from experimental theatre to the grand performance of the Comédie Française, which despite their high degree of polish are often criticized for relying too much on showmanship, losing sight of the need for true dramatic quality; and include the pleasure and excitement created by the Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeleine Renaud Company, to whom we are thankful for the fact that they not only revive some gleeful XIXth century farces (Feydeau), but also stage Aeschylus (*L'Orestie*), and avant-garde writer Vauthier, in whose play: *Le Personnage Combattant*, Barrault performs alone on the stage during the 2½ hours which the play lasts. Thanks to the fact that the very "Parisienne" Barrault company sponsored this play, it attracted an equally Parisian public. Beside Vauthier, Ionesco, Adamov and Beckett, all three of foreign origin, head the list of avant-garde literary French theatre, and, like Vauthier, have begun this year to attract this broader audience named "le grand public."

The summer festival season has been in full swing for six weeks now, throughout France. The Avignon festival started by Jean Vilar ten years ago, continued this July on its successful career. Against the magnificent background of the Palais des Papes, the company performed Kleist's *Prince de Hombourg*, Molière's *Don Juan*, Corneille's *Cinna*, and *Macbeth*, all four of which had been performed previously both at Avignon, in the summer, and in the winter in Paris, where Vilar directs the government-subsidized Théâtre National Populaire (seats priced from 250 to 400 francs). To this fare Vilar added this year Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* which was received with mixed feelings. But the general reaction in France to Vilar and his ventures with the T.N.P. (often starring Gérard Philipe, loved by all, and the highly intelligent and frightfully intense Spanish-born Marie Casarès), is very generally favorable. A debatable actor (he can only play a certain type of part, such as that of Thomas Beckett, in *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was his first personal success), Vilar is a great director and animator; he introduced in the contemporary French theatre a scope and breadth, an open-airiness, a sense of crowds and stylized mass-movements, which have become the mark of the T.N.P.

The Avignon festival, the Arras and Bordeaux festivals which preceded it, and many lesser theatrical events, feature the attempt at decentralization which has been encouraged in French theatrical life in the past fifteen years. While very difficult to maintain on a year-round basis, this attempt has been helped during the summer season by the summer travelers, whose crowds have increased this year, thanks to the new legislation requiring three weeks holidays with pay for all salaried workers. The additional third week was the first (and so far almost the only) step taken by Guy Mollet's government to give the people a measure of socialist welfare.

August in Paris has always been a difficult time at which to have one's shirts cleaned, or during which to buy one's daily bread, as all summer travelers will tell you. The two weeks of holidays with pay which were compulsory until this year brought about a "fermeture annuelle" sign in three bakeries out of four, the great majority of restaurants, etc. This year a new problem has been added, for the vacationists themselves, namely accommodation for the additional vacation trade caused by the third week. Summer villas and

cottages have become scarce and expensive and hotels have raised their prices. Other solutions include "family houses" (600 francs daily for room and board) where a number of families share a large house, each one cleaning his own room, while all partake of meals prepared by professional help. Day nurseries take care of the children. Other popular arrangements include chiefly the "villages de toile" (canvas villages), made up of large family tents, grouped about common cooking and sanitary installations. These have been extremely popular in France since the last war, and they spread themselves to the point of saturation behind a goodly portion of the French coastland. Student and tourist associations also organize "villages de toile" abroad, preferably along the hospitable coasts of the Mediterranean, i.e., in Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia and Spain.

Meanwhile, more sophisticated pleasures are the lot of the fantastic crowds that have chosen to spend this month at one of the popular resorts along the Riviera, where Edith Piaf, Charles Trenet, Georges Brassens, Patachou and innumerable other stars of the century and of the moment, are rivalling the sun and the sea for the entertainment of the more mundane vacationists.

Clad in a bikini, the women are scanning whatever newspapers they manage to get their hands on, to discover the new dictates of fashion revealed in the fall collections: heavy draped fabrics, tweeds, jerseys and velvets, soft lines, feminine allure: the good word has reached all of you by now, probably. It seems, however, that the complications of the new models, and the remarkable development of French "confection" (ready-made trade) in the past two or three years, will perhaps cause the average French woman to buy more of her clothes ready-made, instead of having her celebrated little dressmaker try to copy the latest Dior line.

In those same sometimes rather inadequate newspapers, the women and their husbands, whether at home or abroad, up in the Alps or down by the Atlantic, are following the developments of the "Affair de Suez." Premier Eden's recent speech was welcomed by the French, and novelist Francois Mauriac, who in his brilliant weekly column in *l'Express*, shows himself probably the top political journalist in France, wrote last week: "The departure of the last Englishman from Suez was a great French defeat, for which we are still suffering, and all the blows which we are receiving in North Africa are being received by England as well." Meanwhile, the "mairie" (townhall) of the mining town of St. Etienne, in central France, reports that a very large number of North African babies born since July 1, have been named Nasser by their proud parents.

DORIS FEBVRE.

## The Voters Love A Happy Family

► THE BOY, CHRIS, was thirteen. He was lying on the bed turning the pages of a comic book in a dreamy, half-attentive way, but when he heard his father's step in the hall his lip thinned and his nostrils widened, and he stuffed the book under his pillow and sat up. Without a sound he was across the room, so that when his father came in, he found the boy hunched over the table by the window, engrossed in his collection.

He had taken one of the neatly-labelled bottles and was turning it lovingly in the light. When his father spoke, he pretended to be startled, and looked up quickly, holding up the bottle between them.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he asked, with innocence. "*Gaster-acantha arcuata*."

The spider, with her great claw-curved feelers, hung delicately in the alcohol, seeming less than dead, waiting. The boy could see the barely visible expression that shadowed his father's face, and the slightest tremor of his shoulders; he smiled faintly and set the bottle down with the others on the table. He could taste a metallic edge of pleasure like a knife blade on the tongue. It was a secret only he possessed; it was a look on his father's face, a look none of the popping flash-bulbs had ever caught. The cameras recorded only the resolute and keen face of a hero-turned-candidate; never this. This was the boy's revenge.

That was enough of the game. He swung around completely now, some inner tension momentarily discharged. "You want something special, Dad?" he asked. He pushed back the brown hair that fell over his forehead.

"Wondered if you'd like to go fishing Saturday," his father said.

Chris could not keep the suspicion out of his voice. "Alone?" he asked.

"Well --- no. Jeff will be along." There was something helpless about the way he said it.

Jeff, the boy thought, *Jeff, and a photographer or two*. Jeff was the Senator, and Chris did not like him. Chris had learned a lot in the past few weeks; he had learned not to like the Senator, among other things. He had learned why he wasn't at the Academy any longer. He had learned what held his family together. It wasn't love; he had learned that.

Why not alone some time, he wanted to ask, but he knew the answers. He sat a moment, weighing the fishing against the presence of the Senator.

"All right," he said.

The sun gleamed and glanced through the rows of bottles, and the spiders were motionless, dead spiders that could throw a bridge of chill between a hero's shoulderblades. He decided to go downtown; there was the rest of the afternoon to kill. If he wore his old sweatshirt and jeans, he could bum around town and maybe nobody'd pay him much attention. He slipped out the back way.

The excitement had begun to build up even before anyone came right out and said *candidate*. They sent for him to come home from school; he was in public school now. After that, after he was home, he could find himself in the paper at least a couple of times a week, with his father. He'd started out saving all the pictures, but now he didn't save them any more. Maybe if he had he might have noticed how his open boyish face had closed tight and how secret and contained his smiling had become. He might have noticed other things, too.

But still, a kid of thirteen isn't so dumb and he isn't always where you think he is. So he learned a lot of things, like the value of a happy family life. Not the real value—the political value, you understand.

And he burned with a slow, insistent anger against his parents and against the roaring, adoring crowds. Fathers ought to be private heroes, but his was a public one and the insupportable armor seemed tarnished. Just when Chris thought at last he would have a father (on the plane, coming home from school, what idylls he had fancied!) they had taken him away. They had made something else of him, a shiny uniformed puppet; and Chris, too, was to dance when they pulled the strings.

But that wasn't the worst of it. He had been halfway up the stairs one day when he heard their voices, and he knew at once that they did not expect him home so soon; he knew from the way they talked.

"And what kind of home are we going to give him?" his father had asked, petulantly. "Do you think he won't know?"

"He's just a boy," his mother said. And, after a silence,

# Poems of Dublin

## I.

The sharp street-cry  
and the floating swan  
the colleen breeze  
deft and swift  
an old man spitting blood  
I could be attracted and compelled by this  
Dublin city's yeasty and out-moded brood.

## II.

Yeats sent me to Parnell  
and Parnell  
to the murdered  
in the park.

So, if Yeats is living thought  
and Parnell stone,  
the butchered patriots  
not yet undone,

There's no denying an immediate  
attempt upon our liberty,  
and I'm a bastard rebel full of fret,  
a wild fool in Dublin on a spree

Taking treacherous photographs  
of innocent statues,  
inventing violent images to laugh  
and swagger and hullabaloo

All the crazy way down  
O'Connell Street and Parnell Square  
—a grimace and a frown—  
a belch in the Irish air.

## III.

The purple sash and tassel  
of the rhetorical heart  
loudly applies itself to  
the soft seduction.  
The Irish mind, uneasy,  
moves from where it was  
to where it would be  
laughing and mocking:  
The large gesture,  
the flung cape,  
the stage draught  
but the act good.  
I'd go to Dublin any day  
to hear the lilt and tilt  
of a broken-down playwright  
in a bookstore,  
and, not taking anything seriously,  
not even the weather,  
I'd join the ranks of "the Last Romantics".

## IV.

Old Yeats, your cold, bitter,  
lyrical, marble lines  
drive me into innocence, the better  
rage — the rest I can divine

with my "divining heart". I feel  
in the cold wash of the rain  
your cool and consonantal seal  
upon the honied hive of brain —

upon everything! The Old Abbey,  
swans, the priests' secret;  
in St. Stephen's Green I see  
ducks dock with amphibian unregret

at the pond's edge  
their heads turned back  
into immediate, sensate, sinking necks  
of purple and green fluffed and rebellious plumage.  
Phyllis Webb

# L'Ecbourie

(Where Maureen first met the ocean.)

You are so silent. Shy, or proud,  
Alone at this thundering sun-wet beach  
You gaze inwards, while all those loud  
High wheeling gulls that cannot reach  
You, choke in their shrill uncertain speech  
All those gross dialects of birds  
And all that hot primaeval speech  
Primly you have not heard.

Are you displeased, poor Londoner,  
Uncomfortable in slacks and socks  
To sit there like a wet madonna  
Beached among these alien rocks  
Because on your dreams some waking breaks:  
Not Botticelli's is this scene  
Where shining glass and oil-slick mix  
Their ultramarine?

(That rotting kelp you will not see,  
The rusty wreck and broken crates  
Are priceless fresco now to me  
While you are my Mary Immaculate.  
But how shall I teach your soul to wait  
At peace among these old tin cans  
When your noblest beauty is your hurt  
Mute remonstrance?)

Or is it that you still remember  
Everything that your mother told:  
Never to take a gift from strangers  
Especially when the gift is gold.  
So would I falter at that cold  
Reproving stare, as you turn your eyes;  
But not those mannerless teen-age old  
Game-playing waves.

Break, break your little stones and toss  
Them into that tall still-breaking sea;  
I tell you you cannot feel such loss  
As your lost looks have raised in me.  
And turn, as from leering repartee  
Your eyes from that bawdy sea-day sun.  
And do not smile at the roaring sky  
In his noisy fun.

"These are my friends, we have lived together  
Wild nights, hot days —"  
Alone with your fuming cigarette  
You find no smile or phrase, to please.  
Well, so I love your proud disease,  
So I bring you my noblest words and smiles;  
And of course you have no use for these,  
So I give you shells.

In bars you always sat by windows  
Your silence made old roarers shy.  
In this thunderous sky you must look inwards  
For your nightly solitude. Yet I  
Fear that your arch simplicity  
May wrest from my swearing red old sun  
More gift than he ever gave to me:  
Some perfect crown.

Peter Dale Scott.



fiercely, "Besides, that's all over now, you know it. It's finished." Her voice was taut, hissing. "Think, Steve, just think what it will mean to us. Governor—*governor*. Do you think I wouldn't give up anything, *anyone* for that?"

"I know, I know."

She went on impatiently. "That's why it's important. Everything's got to be right, just right. Jeff said to get him out of school—it looks better. The three of us, together. You and Chris, most of all."

"The voters love a happy family," his father said. Then, "He had to bring his damned spiders with him," he added, with a sound of revulsion.

She laughed. It should have been a warm, affectionate laugh, scoffing at his weakness and at Chris's hobby; but it was hard, mean laughter.

Chris backed down the stairs, clinging to the rail. *I knew*, he said to himself, *I knew, really. They never fooled me. Not one minute.* And he bit down hard and then came up the stairs, noisily, calling, "Anybody home? It's me!"

That night he had written to the biology teacher at the Academy, the first long letter he'd ever written because he wanted to, he had to. *Dear Mr. Dorris, he wrote, Well, I'm back home with my parents and everything is fine. I miss school, but your class most of all. It was the best. I brought my collection on the plane and I promise to keep working and learn more about them until I am a real expert. It is a real help to a fellow to be an expert on something . . .*

And he unpacked all the bottles and set them up on the table.

They hated each other. That was the nasty part, nastier than the fact that he'd been dragged out of school to be shown off and photographed. They hated each other, his mother and father. But they stuck like glue, and between them there was no pretending. They wanted the same thing. He walked along the crowded sidewalks downtown, angry with himself for promising to go fishing, angrier that he found himself wondering how many people who passed him knew who he was. He turned into the entrance of a department store and went idly up and down the aisles, looking without interest at birthday cards and stationery, women's gloves upthrust on plastic hands, odd-shaped perfume bottles, cameras and bright boxes of film, rows of fountain pens. He could buy a fountain pen if he wanted to. He jingled money in his pocket, and felt his billfold. He looked at the pens, sticking out his lower lip. But he didn't really want one; he didn't want anything. And not wanting anything made him feel sick, sick and alone among the shoppers. Nobody was looking at him, nobody knew him, or if they knew who he was, cared what he was. He moved on down the aisle, slowly.

Somebody had been looking at watches; there were several still on the counter, and the clerk was at the end, wrapping a purchase. Chris stopped to look at them. They weren't bad, but his own was ticking against his wrist. He picked one up and turned it over and back. Beneath the glass counter, a small spider hurried erratically across the velvet of the showcase. The boy's mouth twitched. *I don't really care about spiders, not really.* In a moment of churning hatred he dropped the watch into his pocket.

The minute it was done he was filled with a tremendous, tremulous elation. He couldn't take it out and put it back; it was done and it couldn't be undone. Slowly he turned and strolled along the aisle. Then, hurrying, he treaded the busy counters and with his hand still over his loot, pushed through the swinging doors and out to the sidewalk.

*Nobody saw me*, he exulted, half believing it, and then he had barely left the shelter of the doorway when the man was beside him, touching his arm.

"Son," he was saying, "didn't you forget to pay for some-

thing?" He said it softly, and he was a mild little man no taller than the boy himself.

Chris looked at him with a kind of fury. He jerked the watch from his pocket and held it out on the palm of his hand as if he were the accuser.

"You know who I am, don't you?" he said loudly, knowing that this was the destruction on which he had been bent. But he backed up, and stumbled against a metal newsstand, spilling papers, and at his feet his father's face looked up at him and he had never before seen what was there above all else—a vast, sad loneliness. "You know who I am," he repeated, with bravado, and the little man nodded gently; but Chris did not see him. His eyes filled and he stood there facing a curious little crowd, with the tears running down his cheeks.

LESLEY CONGER.

## Radio and Television

► IN THE PAST it has been customary to apply Royal Commissions like leeches to the sick places of the body politic, and if a cure was not immediately effected, the patient and his family were at least temporarily placated. Alternatively, Royal Commissions have been made to serve as national safety valves, or a kind of therapeutic Turkish bath, where all comers could take in and give off steam to their heart's content without fear of serious consequences.

In the past also, the findings of Royal Commissions—the Archambault report on our penal system and the Massey report on the arts, to name only two—have been comprehensive, penetrating, full of human interest, and brilliantly apropos of the situation studied. More often than not these findings have not been implemented, and usually they have received the top-billing they deserved only in remote outposts such as the libraries of schools of social work, or in the day to day consciousness of historians, economists and other researchers.

With so few concrete results to build on, it is understandable that the public may feel discouraged about participation in the hearings of the Royal Commission on Broadcasting which have been going on since early spring, and which are due to be resumed this month after a summer recess. There has been no sign so far that the public is unduly worried about curtailment of present radio and television facilities. Such complacency is not, I think, warranted, particularly in a democracy where politics can only offer approximate and partial solutions. We need only remember what happened to the National Film Board a number of years ago when a crisis was created and a large part of government support withdrawn. The precocious gifted child was then blighted in the romantic, adventurous, and ascendant aspects of its early growth, and was made to settle into a kind of uneventful conforming middle-age which may be useful to get on in the world with, but which always means death to art.

I place radio and television media in the realm of the arts, although what position they occupy in the aesthetic hierarchy is a matter for separate speculation. The powerful role these media play in transmitting moral and cultural values can be deduced from the fact that almost every Canadian family owns a radio, and that fully half now own a television set. The pervasive reach of these instruments should make us curious to know just what are the matters at issue in the present inquiry of the Fowler Commission.

In his discussion of Hamlet, Francis Fergusson suggests that the task of an audience is to discover the main action of the play. The main action, as it is now being played out before the Fowler Commission, is whether we shall continue to enjoy and develop our national broadcasting system along the same lines as were drawn up in the Canadian Broad-

casting Act of 1936, or whether the public nature of our broadcasting system should now be curtailed in favor of private interests.

At present we have one broadcasting system which administers our three national radio networks and television circuits. Matters of general policy are determined by a twelve-man board, eleven members of which are appointed by the government; policy is then interpreted and executed under the direction of the board's twelfth member, the full-time paid chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Under the present set-up the C.B.C. is not only responsible for forming regulations; it carries responsibility for program planning for its own stations, and ultimately for the problem of how to integrate its material with that of the privately owned stations. An analysis of our three radio networks shows the C.B.C. to own slightly less than half of all radio stations across Canada, and about half or less of the total television outlets, so it is hard to understand the hue and cry about monopoly and unfair competition which has been raised by the private broadcasters' association.

The main argument seems to be that the C.B.C. is competing unfairly with private stations as to programming, and is, moreover, hogging the highest frequencies in the air waves; and to add insult to injury, is using these same high frequency waves to project long-haired and low-gear educational programs, utterly devoid of the charm of sixty-four dollar questions, and completely lacking in the sparkle and fun that can only be had with being told which brand to buy.

The solution proposed by the private broadcasters (who are supported by such groups as the Chamber of Commerce in Dauphin, Manitoba, the Property Owners' Association of Calgary, Alberta, and Jack Kent Cooke of Toronto, Ontario), is that the C.B.C. should, in future, limit itself to broadcasting and give up its present regulatory powers to a second "independent" regulatory body.

The arguments put forth in favor of this solution all fall into what Francis Fergusson would call the sub-plots—those auxiliary actions in a play which reflect, reinforce and otherwise enrich the main action. There are at least three such general sub-plots, all of which are related to each other as well as to the main question of public versus private radio: (1) programming; (2) finance and administration; (3) the principle of free enterprise.

The area of programming offers a rich field for planning and suggestion. This was shown by the many briefs submitted by organizations who accept the present broadcasting system on principle, but who find fault with the timing of certain programs and the content of others. Nearly all such briefs articulated an awareness of the C.B.C.'s role in presenting live Canadian programs. According to the 1954 Canada Year Book, fully 80% of total radio programs were of this original nature, and a similar proportion could doubtless be arrived at for television.

My own preference in programming is the B.B.C. system of three programs—Light, Home, and Third. Although such a plan is not immediately practical, it would free those who are charged with programming from trying to fathom the middle depths of popular taste, and would save them from frequently dredging up worthless pebbles of programs with the mistaken notion that they have fetched up pearls. With three programs to choose from we could all relax, and if the mood took us, we could turn on the Home channel and pick up a few heartening hints on how to grow gooseberries. Our garden commentators, even now, invariably possess firm, tonic, no-nonsense voices, and they get across to us the sense that a garden is *alive*, and that the gooseberries are worth looking into. I don't always have the same kind of

conviction after listening to some of the literary and scientific-type programs thought up by the Talks department.

In matters of finance most of the arguments of the private broadcasters have been directed against heavy government spending for entertainment and education. The government has been urged to incorporate the "commercial principle" into its thinking, and to lean more heavily on revenue from advertisers. This is the point where we ask ourselves in the manner of Hercule Poirot—who benefits?—and come up with the answer—the advertisers.

No one grudges the advertisers their profits, but it should be pointed out that a public service is not a financial investment, but an expenditure. Its earnings cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but must be calculated in terms of enrichment of public taste—and thus, of individual lives—the wider dissemination of knowledge, and other benefits which may not yet be discernible.

Now we come to the question of free enterprise. I can only suggest to the public relations men that they ought to brush up on their Plato. He said just about all there is to be said about absolute principles, and at the risk of sounding hackneyed I can only suggest that principles work very well as long as their truth, their worth, is repeatedly being demonstrated to us by the reality of our everyday experiences. What am I to think of free enterprise in the realm of radio when I see that only the public enterprise of government is willing to underwrite musicians, writers and other artists? I can only conclude pragmatically, that free enterprise in radio does not seem to work, and my misgivings are strengthened when I take a quick look and listen to the unremitting and relentless entertainment that goes on across the border.

Although the main protagonists have said their say, the action is still engaged. The Fowler Commission resumes hearings this month, and we in the role of audience might do well to ponder the hopes, dreams, and aspirations of the private broadcasters as expressed in point 5 of the brief presented by Toronto's Jack Kent Cooke: "... the best plan might be to restrict the C.B.C. to straight production of programs of national import and let them be carried by private station hook-ups." The italics are mine, but Mr. Cooke's utterance admirably epitomizes the ambition and the daring initiative that are the traditional attributes of free enterprise.

As members of the audience, we may either react to his performance with stunning applause, or we may—if the tomatoes in our own enterprising gardens have ripened over the summer—feel impelled to waste a few.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

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## Film Review

► STANDARD FIRST-RUN theatres are largely closed booking circuits at whose doors foreign, independent, and offbeat pictures wait in vain. A handful of uncertain quality, chosen by some Olympian turn of dice, squeeze into an unseasonable week and die a quick death. Recent examples include such lukewarm British films as *Satellite in the Sky*, *John and Julie*, *Josephine and Men*, and the more charming Republic film *Come Next Spring*. The Odeon chain is more adventurous and has opened its doors to Martine Carol in the luxurious *Sins of the Borgias*, Pabst's farewell to Hitler *Der Letzte Akt* (*The last 10 Days or Ten Days to Die*), accompanied by Gregory Ratoff's satire on King Farouk, *Abdullah's Harem*. This is the meagre record to date this year and the lusty vital Brazilian film *O Cangaceiros* still lies mouldering on Columbia's shelves.

The first-run films shown in the beau-monde of local "art" theatres are not in reality so "arty." The programs of these theatres are padded with films designed to attract a cosy middle-brow "nice" trade. The emphasis is on love, children, and gentle comedy—*The Magic Fire*, *Now and Forever*, *Lovers and Lollipops*, *The Lucky Kid*, *The Littlest Outlaw*, *Wee Geordie*—while exceptional films like *Richard III* and *The Bespoke Overcoat* are rareties. Such theatres are intent on drawing steady customers who can be assured of getting "their money's worth" of safe entertainment, who want to be amused but in a quiet way, soothed not enervated.

An extensive demi-monde exists in this world of commercial first-run theatres. Toronto's does not advertise in *The Globe and Mail* and is found along Yonge St., at the burlesque, and more spottily in other areas of the city. As with the traditional demi-monde, appearances are deceiving, a questionable exterior conceals a fascinating and adventure-some world. The first barrier to cross is the barrage of misleading vulgar sexy posters, false bait that films of any quality are forced to use. Then the patronage consists mostly of motorcyclists and their ilk—the urban nomads—the "no-monde" at all. Characteristically, when they gather in these temples of culture they do not feel it is an occasion for hushed reverence. The emphasis is on clambering informality rather than peace and quiet. As a circus this can be a study in itself. Viewing *The Wild One* in one of these theatres is a disturbing revelation of the truth of the film.

Many of these movies are like ladies of dubious virtue—sensational opportunists seeking a quick financial gain in the realm of tough gangster and cowboy pictures, horror and science fiction aberrations. Their company is the only refuge for many foreign, independent and individualistic pictures which fail to gain society's Grade A stamp of approval. Among these there is a riff-raff of films dealing with women's prisons and the slave trade, to be avoided unless the cast is outstanding. Of more interest are samples of Latin melodrama whose vitality and sensuality have more to recommend them than all the *Rains of Ranchipur*, *Slightly Scarlet*, and *Scarlet Hours* together. These lush dramas frequently give us a glimpse of stars of considerable reputation in native habitat—Daniel Gelin, Anna Magnani, Silvana Pampanini, Rossano Brazzi and others. In addition Italian comedies of particular national charm come along from time to time—Vittorio de Sica and a gamine Gina Lollobrigida in *Bread, Love and Dreams*, De Sica again with Sophia Loren in *Too Bad She's Bad*. (Could Canadians ever create a *Thank Goodness She's Good*?). We have the serious also—Israel's earnest but second-rate *Hill 24 Doesn't Answer*, and the Polish director Alexandor Ford's *Border Street* and *5 Boys from Barska Street*, creditably attempting much more than they accomplish.

Recently two independent American films of formidable quality have come and gone in this half-world. *The Killing* was directed by Stanley Kubrick from his own scenario and as downbeat gangster films go, it has an unusual finesse and tautness which puts it in the same class with Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*. Sterling Hayden again creates the hero—seedy faded good looks, impassivity suggestive both of strength and stupidity. The picture depicts, as many current French underworld films do, much domestic detail of the sordid second-hand life of vice. Personal motives are built up and many complexities hinted at. The central sequence of a daring raid on a heavily-guarded race track to get two million dollars is brilliant. The tension is arrived at almost mathematically, with the beauty of a Bach fugue. Film directors will no doubt discuss at great length the technique used here, short inter-related scenes portraying the robbery from the viewpoint of each individual concerned in it and culminating in that of the hero. My own reaction was that there was one sequence too many and that the repetition of the brawl at the bar was unnecessary and unfortunate. However this didn't prevent me from sitting on the edge of my seat. The percussive heartbeat score, the harsh light, the wild-eyed staccato killing, the blatant sadistic abnormality of it all, and the most thrilling flashes of racing horses ever seen on the screen will be difficult to forget. *Touchez—pas au Stanley!*

The other film of excellence is an independent from New York, *Crime in the Street*. It is an enlargement of a play which first appeared on TV and is cast with local New York City TV talent—John Cassavetes, Sal Mineo, and James Whitmore. This isn't the final word on juvenile delinquents and their slummy background but it is the most instructive and honest to date. The vicious circle of adult and adolescent woe is rolled right at you.

Finally, a protest against the new CBC practice of introducing commercials into their Saturday night movies. Thankful praise used to resound for the unsullied purity of our national cathode tubes when the mood and development of films like *Anna Karenina* were sustained without the noxious commercial interruptions which have mutilated American efforts to show better films. And now the same thing here! An intermission half-way for coffee and a resumé for those who may have missed the first few minutes, or—how daring—a few program notes—would leave viewers with a better impression of both the film and the CBC.

JOAN FOX.

## NFB

► ONE PHASE OF film making in which the National Film Board excels is that of the animated film. Because the majority of them are good, it is to be regretted that the production of them is somewhat fitful. Except for UPA, Disney, and Halas and Batchelor in England, the short animated film (or cartoon as it is popularly known) has been so debased by producers like Quimby, Lantz, Terry, the Bugs Bunny creators, and others, that vulgarity and violence are the order of the day and the limit of their expression. The cartoon, however, is capable of finer achievements; it is one of the most flexible means of expression available to the film makers, and audiences accept it more readily than many other film forms. Under the cloak of fantasy and humor, the two elements usually expected of cartoons, he can comment on, and criticise, subjects which the documentary and non-fictional film would hesitate to depict.

The NFB's *Romance of Transportation*, a genuinely funny, skilfully drawn and intelligent cartoon, has been widely praised in Europe and America; but it was made in 1953. The Board did not capitalize on its success by producing more like it, and we have had to wait three years to see



another animated film of the same high standard. This is called *Huff and Puff*, and so secretive has the Board been about it that I read of it first in European film journals.

The RCAF made this ten-minute picture possible, and it deserves full credit for sponsoring such an original, witty, literate and delightful film. Made by Graham Crabtree, Grant Munro and Gerald Potterton, the story is very simple and slight and deals with hypernea or hyper-ventilation. This refers to mounting excitement leading to rapid breathing and possible unconsciousness. This sort of thing, quite naturally, is harmful to pilots, particularly when flying, and could result in severe accidents and damage to aeroplanes.

The film illustrates its point with what amounts to a rather frank example: an old man at a fun fair looks into one of the "what the butler saw" machines and sees a strip tease dancer perform. As each scanty piece of clothing is removed the old fellow's breath becomes harder and faster and he finally passes out. Now had he known what to do about this, he could have watched until the end! The picture then gives its instructional message, a simple and amusing anatomical lesson with sketches showing why this happens and how to avoid it.

The drawings are somewhat after the UPA style in their movement, and are cleverly sketched in with the minimum of lines and details. The color is good, the facial expressions pertinent, and the final touch of perfection is provided by James Bannerman reading a dry and detached commentary in which he unconcernedly describes hyper-ventilation.

*Huff and Puff* is an example of the instructional cartoon film at its best, and I doubt that it could have been so neatly expressed in any other way.

In *Saskatchewan Traveller* (30 minutes, b. and w., directed by Don Haldane), is to be found a sympathetic portrait of a salesman making his daily visits across flat, unattractive country to the small stores which he services. Getting on in years, a lonely widower, staying at different but equally dull hotels every night, eating in shabby restaurants, only just making enough to live on, his existence makes an intensely human and revealing story of a small area of present-day Canadian life and the people who are a part of it. The film owes its undeniable appeal to Alex McKee's performance as the worn but enduring commercial traveller and William Weintraub's intelligent and observing screenplay. These qualities survive the uneasy and sometimes stilted direction and editing, the hollow sound recording and frequently indistinguishable dialogue.

Larry Gosnell's *Harvest in the Valley* (10 minutes, CCO series) is disappointing and dull. Dealing with potato harvesting in the Saint John Valley of New Brunswick, the photography lacks definition and the color is washed out. In the theatre the film appeared so grainy it looked like a 16mm. print enlarged to 35mm. The lack of sound effects and the dry score were further disadvantages. (The Board's composers have written some excellent scores during their careers, but they are all getting to sound alike and as if half the orchestra had failed to appear for the recording.) *Harvest in the Valley* was not helped, it should be noted, by coming immediately after John Ford's *The Searchers*. However, it won a Special Mention in this year's Canadian Film Awards for "its sensitive treatment of a subject which is rather static by nature." I thought the picture was about the people of the valley, not the potatoes!

GERALD PRATLEY.

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## Education in India

► DESPITE THE PROGRESS which India has made in economic development, it is sad to relate that one notable sector in the life of the country where retrogression has been the keynote is education. New schools are being built, and greatly increased numbers of students are crowding to colleges all over India, but the quality of the education given in these schools and colleges is much lower than it was ten years ago.

In a certain college in Travancore the average class numbers 110 students. These students are taught in English although no more than 15 out of the 110 are capable of giving or receiving any substantial communication in English (because English is no longer used in the High Schools). This year only 29 per cent of the Intermediate (the first two years of the four-year B.A. course) passed the government examination. To pass it is necessary to get only 35 per cent of the possible marks in each subject! Most of those who did pass understood little of what they had been taught: they had merely succeeded in memorizing appropriate "essays" for the examination. The usual practice in this college, and in colleges throughout India, in subjects like History and English, is for the lecturer to spend half of each class dictating "notes" frequently taken word-for-word from some text book. Toward the end of the course he will give a number of possible "questions" and dictate essay-type answers to these questions for the students to memorize.

The above-mentioned college is by no means the worst in the State of Travancore, nor is it unique in India. The practice of learning by rote is ubiquitous in India. It is quite possible for a student to pass through a complete "educational" process without having a thought. In many parts of the country students for the Master of Arts degree take twenty-five hours of classes a week, continuing to copy down dictated notes! This whole situation naturally plays into the hands of the Communists who are eager to do the thinking for the unthinking masses whether they be "educated" or not.

Although there have been "Reports" on education prepared by the Central Government since Independence, there has not been, until recently, any indication that anyone in a responsible position was prepared to do anything about education. This year the Universities of Madras and Travancore instituted a new division of the four-year B.A. course. They divided it into a one-year Pre-University course (in which the study of English was to be intensified) and a three-year course for the B.A. This was only a faltering step in the right direction: they made no move to raise the university entrance age—which at present is fourteen—or to ensure that the students would understand the language in which they were taught in such a way that they might think, and not merely memorize, their way toward a degree.

There are a few bright spots in the total picture of university education in India. The universities of Madras and Delhi have managed to keep up standards to a greater extent than has been possible elsewhere. Standards have been maintained most notably in a few Christian institutions: Wilson College, Bombay, Madras Christian College and St. Stephen's College, Delhi.

One important aspect of the whole problem is the lack of discipline which is natural in the conditions sketched above. A few days after the "Goa Massacre" (when Indian "satyagrahis" were fired on by Portuguese police at the Goa border a year ago this August) there were disturbances all over India as students came out of classes and paraded through the streets. In many centres they caused public transport to stop and shops to be shut. The students came out of a college which is across the street from St. Stephen's College

in Delhi; but work in St. Stephen's went on—not because of any "disloyalty" on the part of the students of St. Stephen's, who are as fervently nationalistic as any that might be found—but merely because of a superior spirit of discipline.

This spirit of discipline is to be found in many of the men who now rule India, and quite possibly is, to a considerable extent, the result of their training in western Christian institutions. India will be markedly short of such leaders as this generation passes through its abortive educational process and grows up. But perhaps there will be enough leaders from a few responsible institutions to keep the country stable and progressing until a change as great as those envisaged for other sectors of India's national life can be wrought in the field of education as well.

A. F. THOMPSON.

## Turning New Leaves

► CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS\* is a substantial monograph, collectively presented, on life in a part of a large Canadian city. It is the first accomplishment, in book form, of a five-year project sponsored by the Canadian Mental Health Association and a Canadian university, paid for by the Federal Government, and concerned with the creation and assessment of measures which would have a "reasonable hope" of affecting within a generation the level of mental health of the Canadian population. Three other works are promised us. When it is all in, this will be a good harvest for one project. It combined research with various services and the collaboration of more than half a dozen people, as well as the training of many more. There can be no doubt that this undertaking was well and productively organized. The enterprise included psychiatric services established as part of the school system of Crestwood Heights, training of teachers selected from all over Canada, and the carrying out of sociological research. The teachers were trained in various matters, among them the conduct of "Human Relations Classes" in which children are allowed and urged to speak what is on their minds. These teachers are now active throughout Canada, go by various names, such as "liaison officers" or "mental health coordinators" and assist school systems in the management of some of the issues of mental health.

So much for the bare facts surrounding this monograph. Its contents are rich and varied. They are concentrated on the rearing of children, but then, or so we are told, this purely residential community is "devoted" to the tasks of raising its children and its "institutions tend therefore to converge upon the family." Through many shrewd observations and many clever guesses we are taken into the family, and out of it again; we are also shown schools, various associations for children and adults, and the patterns of beliefs which help maintain or obscure familiar, yet elusive, facts of everyday life, including Sundays. In the middle of all this comes an intricate chapter on the "layman and the expert." There beliefs are presented as though they were commodities on a market and a giddy flight of ideas tries to analyse the situation of the intelligentsia in North America. Throughout the book the writing is nimble, but especially in this chapter it could be far more economical. ("We wish now to examine the beliefs that accompany, grow out of, justify and alter these institutions and life ways . . .") In the social sciences when it comes to style we are probably all in glass houses.

\*CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS: John R. Seeley, R. Alexander Sim, Elizabeth W. Loosley; University of Toronto Press; pp. vi, + 505; \$7.50.

Still, I would have preferred the kind of simplicity which comes from pondering complex circumstances instead of the showers of words, intended to remind us of them. We are indeed reminded of a wealth of fact and possibility, only to be bamboozled at unexpected intervals with intellectual acrobatics.

"The selection of the learned from among the population is very largely shrouded in mystery . . . Capacity, performance and desire all enter as criteria. But, generally, here as elsewhere, capacity is a mere condition, and is, probably, in considerable over-supply . . . The student thus selected is quite likely, therefore, to be marginally middle class, mobile towards the middle class in terms of background and aspiration, and to a notable and sympathy-eliciting degree mining his talents with considerable intensity.

"Thus there may well be among the candidates for the learned occupations a not inconsiderable concentration of those whose basic orientation is neurotic or self-exploitive. Such concentration as there is will take place for the reasons alleged, and also because the learned who are now selecting, almost inevitably include a large number of those who over-estimate the power and importance of thought and verbal events in human affairs—a common characteristic of the neurotic, but one well supported by the folkways of the learned occupations." (p. 345-6.)

After suggesting all the troubles that experts in human affairs characteristically face because of the ill-defined and precariously or unimaginatively supported nature of their task, we are then asked to believe that:

"In this exceedingly fluid situation, the expert is himself confronted with what is, in effect, a vast projective system: what he selects and accepts, what he perceives and invents, what he communicates and how he communicates it, may shed more light on his inner necessities and social situation than it does on the hypotheses under the usual criteria for validity and reliability." (p. 351.)

In what way, then, should we read this book? Our difficulties are multiplied by its collective authorship—an achievement which stands in ironic (and useful) contrast to the middle-class individualism of Crestwood Heights.

That individualism appears here in at least bi-focal vision. We can listen to adolescents arguing with adults in order to come to terms with the subtle facts of social class and exclusion; we can see how grade mothers link teachers and pupils and help re-educate themselves and other parents; we can imagine various encounters between men and women through which the alleged female concern for individual happiness is brought into line with a male demand for attention to the "organization, the business, the institution." In a measure, the book itself shifts between these last two kinds of calculation.

We are given excellently observed facts about the house, what it houses, how it becomes a home, who uses the back door and who the front; how the stage is set for visitors, how the upstairs allows you to disclose the nakedness hidden down below; how, in the journey of social mobility, precisely the movable contents provide continuity between houses left behind; how the medicine cupboard abounds with half-finished and expensive bottles of prescriptions. The school, described as a halfway house between home, factory, and hospital, is also inspected in detail—an undertaking nowadays aided by the growing use of glass. Indeed, the school is presented as the organizing and symbolic focus of the community. We are also told about attitudes to time and its tyrannical units of hours, or weeks, or years.

These units combine abstract uniformity with personal and variable meaning. We hear about the organizing and haunting qualities of choosing, building, or losing a career and about characteristic stages of the cycle of life. You can see children, in the aggregate, moving from nursery to high school, learning early through the close voice of a distant speaker on a public-address system that there is always a world beyond, but never quite knowing where it is or what it is.

As a matter of fact, reading all this and much else in these 500 pages we are in a similar position. Where and what is Crestwood Heights? The gaudy dust-jacket of this work, otherwise so well designed by the University of Toronto Press, refers to a North American suburb with an eye, one suspects, to a market larger than Canada's. The text itself places the place in central Canada, near a big city and one of Canada's two largest universities, and on a lake. Actually there is enough further evidence to make the guessing easy and the disguise quite dubious. In itself this is a small point, but it is associated with matters of more consequence. Crestwood Heights is a suburb of sorts, sleeping 17,000 people, built on a "choice brow of land," free from industries, hospitals, social agencies, large stores, churches. The men are in business and in the professions, and are doing well. They work in the metropolis that surrounds this enclave, while most of those who work there live in less expensive parts. A little less than half of the population is Jewish.

Crestwood Heights, of course, is a pseudonym, but one which to its creators recreates exactly the feel of the real name and place. It would have been much more sensible and apt not to disguise the identity of the place, but to give individuals richer and fictitious names instead of referring to them by letters of the alphabet which may, for all I know, be the beginnings of their real names and reminds one of Kafka. This way we are in a no-man's land between science and fiction and in a book that reserves for a subtitle the title of one of Goethe's autobiographies. Indeed evidence and statements are rather unevenly coordinated. I am not asking for statistics, but for more examples from interviews, for more indications that show when the authors feel certain and when they do not, for more questions that occurred to the researchers. How true, for instance, is the stimulating proposition that in Crestwood Heights the important difference in modes of thought and belief lie not along the cleavages of class, ethnicity, profession, or religion, but rather between the two sexes. There is much to be gained from the publication of informed guesses, but in a scientific work this is best done in a genuine spirit of tentativeness which, in this study, appears only at the end.

We do not have any other community study of comparable detail and perspective in Canada. In fact until the appearance of this monograph last May there were only three other accounts of Canadian communities. Yet the writers of *Crestwood Heights* lay themselves open to endless questions precisely because they have provided so much, but also because they chose to do without any explicit theoretical rationale. They have by-passed many of the relevant and rich resources of contemporary sociological theory. To most readers this may not matter; to others it will be more serious that an opportunity has been missed here to see a Canadian community in comparative perspective and to attempt an account of how Canadians in raising their children pose and solve the questions of their identity.

As it stands the book virtually starts in mid-air with a reference to the American dream of abundance, status, success, and equality. We are warned that the American dream is interwoven with English threads in the form of

Spode or Minton, and of Punch, read more for duty than for pleasure.

But the dream becomes a scheme, and in a footnote ably half-setting forth its own self-doubts the study is announced as a "critical" one. Critical of what? With the help of what standards? We are never really told. Hopes and beliefs become of course a major preoccupation. For this reason, and because of the absence of a differentiated conception of the nature of society (as distinct from culture) the full-bodied boundedness of life in society is put in the shadow by accounts of the family, the school, the expert. With a scheme of more explicit distinctions, orderly variations within these spheres might have been profitably charted. Then, too, we might better understand how on the one hand there is a pervasive pattern of discrimination in this community while on the other "it would appear" that the "religious difference between Jew and Gentile has been reduced to the level of the difference between Presbyterian and United Church or United Church and Baptist, i.e. to the level of indifference or distinction without differences." Then, too, the authors could have been less equivocal about the issues of social class. They have given us too little of the middle ground where people encounter each other as guests and hosts, or parents and children, or acquaintances and enemies. There actual encounters, as samples of reality, perforce combine principles and practice, things said and things unsaid, self-images and conceptions of others. In extending their own approach in this direction we might have been given more complete details, where now there are only obvious hints, as to the encounters between clinicians and social scientists. For on those occasions, as in the lives of people in the community, divergent ideals create conflict and savor. Some of these conflicts are identified, especially the concerns with success on one side and maturity on the other. We hear little, though, as to how these people harbor or drown their sorrows, or when they are fully at ease with themselves and others, fully glad of the moment. We know little, that is, of the "in-between times" after some activity is over but another has not yet begun, after people are awake but not yet up. Still, the book is full of imaginative reconstruction of the inner world of people in Crestwood Heights as they move through the year or advance in age, helping others, notably their children, to do likewise. Yet again, we do not know to whom and how many we are listening, or how often the authors describe their own reactions to what they hear and see rather than those who are supposedly talking as they act. If adults in Crestwood Heights urge each other to fill their glasses to usher in the New Year, who then thinks of the contrast to a rural watchnight service or to the melancholy poetry of the Book of Revelation? Should a "sophisticated urban community" be critically assessed through such quasi-rural standards?

One leaves the book ill at ease, but full of ideas. To write well and validly of life in society is really desperately hard. This book is certainly an accomplishment within the growing effort to establish cumulative propositions about the ways in which people stay alive. It gives us excellent details about the family and the school and about the divided and often uncertain ways in which we try to raise our children, talk with teachers or leave it all behind on some summer holiday. We are forced to further and harder thoughts as we read about the Maple Leaf Club, or private schools, summer camps, or fraternities, and realize that this is *not* an average but a most privileged community. The relations between mental health, so-called, and economic security are by no means straightforward. If only the book had fewer clever patches and conveyed in its attitude what it claims for its point of view: unsentimental compassion for human



arrangements. This way much of its sharp perceptiveness will probably only evoke dislike. Like and dislike, of course, are no criteria of truth, but truths can take several forms. In this case more humor and less wit, more perplexity and less brittleness, more sad and mellow laughter, would have been better both for what was said and what could be said. We are better off, though, for having the book in our hands.

KASPER D. NAEGELE.

## Books Reviewed

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH. AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATION AMONG NATIONS: Frank H. Underhill; Burns & MacEachern; pp. xiii, 127; \$2.50.

The newly created Duke University Commonwealth-Studies Center has made a very good beginning in publishing the three lectures given there in the autumn of 1955 by Professor Frank H. Underhill. In the helpful bibliographic essay appended to the lectures Professor Underhill remarks that the work of Hancock and Mansergh "is evidence that creative writing on the Commonwealth . . . tends to come from the periphery rather than from the center" (105). His own little volume offers further evidence.

Its main theme is the transformation of the liberal Victorian Empire into the multi-racial Commonwealth. Professor Underhill does not so much offer any original interpretation as infuse familiar ideas with fresh meaning by the clarity and verve with which he expresses them. The Commonwealth, he writes, "is a loose kind of association, with every member possessing a Sam Goldwyn freedom to include himself out" (48). "Every French Canadian is a practicing John C. Calhoun" (26). "The English have always been a passionate people, and their deepest passion has been that for power" (91). "Britain and Canada may be said almost to favor two opposed interpretations of the Commonwealth" (29). "The imaginative creative ideas come from the periphery of the Empire . . . the statesmanship at the centre in London shows its highest wisdom when it accepts and works out the suggestions that originate elsewhere" (48). Perhaps these last three remarks reveal Professor Underhill's own point of view, which seems not far removed from that of the Canadian autonomist who looks upon the essential history of the modern Commonwealth as an Anglo-Canadian conflict wherein the forces of darkness in Downing Street are vanquished by the forces of light in the East Block during its Liberal tenancies. Thus he writes approvingly of the "defeat of Chamberlainism" by Laurier and King; and most disapprovingly of Leo Amery, "the typical doctrinaire, the perfect doctrinaire, the ideal doctrinaire, the doctrinaire as he exists in the mind of God" (42).

The lectures also deal with the working of the Commonwealth today and suggests something of its future. What Professor Underhill describes as the "Second Commonwealth" may be distinguished from the First Commonwealth of the "White Dominions" less by any constitutional landmark than by two new political facts. One of these, of course, is the fact of Asian, and the prospect of African, membership. He rightly emphasizes the value of the Commonwealth as a bridge to two-thirds of the world. Yet he does not minimize the difficulties ahead. No doubt the meetings of Prime Ministers still help transform the problem children of the Commonwealth into its elder statesmen: Mr. Bandaranaike appears already to have been mellowed by his brief exposure to their atmosphere. As Mr. Pearson remarked not long ago, "if there is anything that is going to hold this Commonwealth together, it is Oxford!" Yet will the mechanics of consultation maintain their usefulness when the present "generation

of leaders dies and a native leadership emerges from that mass democracy of peasants and townsmen who will no longer even be learning the English language" (88)?

The other new political fact is the growing intimacy of Commonwealth members, at least its older members, with the United States. "All roads in the Commonwealth lead to Washington" (99). Perhaps this is exaggeration. Yet it is not to be deplored. For "the future of the Western World depends upon the wholeheartedness with which all those people scattered throughout the Commonwealth who are British with a small *b* get together with all those people in the United States who are American with a small *a*" (101). This is true enough, and a happy note on which to leave an American audience. But would an Asian audience agree? Even those Asians with a small *a*?

There are some small errors. Not all Commonwealth members are represented in each other's capitals by High Commissioners (38). Australia, not Canada, was the first Dominion to create its own Department of External Affairs (68). And to say that there were twenty-one people in the Canadian Department in 1918 (69) is surely to include the counterparts of that "Anne Cheese, necessary woman" who served the Foreign Office in an undisclosed capacity during the 1780s.

James Eayrs.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY OF CANADA 1920-1949: John R. Williams; Burns and MacEachern (Duke University Press); pp. 242; \$7.50.

There have been so few book-length scholarly studies of Canadian politics and party organization in the present century that any addition to the small stock extant is welcome. This book by an American political scientist contains a great deal of valuable descriptive material on Conservative Party organization, finances, and conventions. It is woefully lacking, however, in any semblance of analytic depth and fails to match the high standard set by W. L. Morton's *The Progressive Party in Canada* or the single-province studies of the Saskatchewan CCF by S. M. Lipset and the UFA and Social Credit by C. B. Macpherson.

The most informative chapters are those dealing with the topics mentioned above. The brief history of the Conservative Party and the review of its record under each of its five leaders since 1920 are useful but add little to already available accounts. The chapter on recent party leaders is marred by the author's far too ready acceptance of journalistic legends about men and events. Professor Williams often simply states conclusions without going below the surface of events to tell us more about the group conflicts involved. He asserts, for example, that Meighen, Manion, and Bracken were all hampered by the opposition of "diehards" (usually identified with Toronto) to their "radical views," but we are never told fully what these radical views were and what alternative policies and politicians were supported by their opponents.

In the chapter on elections the author for the most part contents himself with reviewing the course of the campaign in each of the eight general elections since 1921 and here as elsewhere he does not go beyond contemporary journalistic accounts which inevitably emphasize the trees at the expense of the forest. Some interesting though scarcely conclusive figures are provided on voting trends in relation to price and employment indices, but little light is cast on the stabilities and shifts of party allegiances of the various groups making up the electorate.

The final chapter on Conservative Party policy accuses the Canadian Tories of lacking any consistent political philosophy. Professor Williams enumerates the conflicting positions the party has adopted and the various welfare and labor policies that they have ultimately espoused although

opposing them when first introduced by Liberal governments. This is all true enough, but the Canadian Tories are no different in these respects from parties in other democratic countries that have remained out of office during periods of rapid social change. It seems gratuitous of the author to question the sincerity of Conservative acceptance of the welfare state in view of the record the British Tories and the American Republicans have made on returning to office. He concludes with the not very illuminating statement that "only time can tell whether the Conservative party will again resume its once great role in Canadian politics or gradually disappear."

Dennis H. Wrong.

CANADA'S CENTURY: D. M. LeBourdais; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 203, bibliography, and index; \$5.00.

Mr. LeBourdais' new revised edition of his book prompts this reviewer to pack his belongings and set out to explore all the wonderful developments which the author describes. Most readers will share this experience, for *Canada's Century* contains one of the most vivid accounts of this country yet written and issues a challenge which cannot fail to stir the imagination and inspire the ambition of every Canadian who reads it.

The title is, of course, from Laurier's famous prediction. The theme is that Canada has the resources to make her one of the greatest industrial nations of the world if her people would take advantage of their opportunities.

Each of the country's regions is described. The author wisely summarizes well-known facts and devotes his attention mainly to developments and possibilities which have occurred within the past decade. The future wealth of the Prairies, and the dramatic potential of the Mountain and Pacific regions are given vivid descriptions of great interest. Special subjects like the Hudson Bay Route and mineral and oil resources receive special treatment. But what is most appealing is the account of the opening up of the North and of what the future holds in store for that long neglected part of Canada. Even the Yukon and the District of MacKenzie, Keewatin, and Franklin—the Last Frontier—can, says the author, "make a contribution to the common welfare proportionately equal to that of any other region." It takes very little imagination to think of Baffin Island as familiar territory like Algonquin Park, of the author's proposed highway through Alaska and Siberia to the Orient in the same way as the Trans Canada Highway, and of Aklavik in the same terms as Kingston or Calgary. Already many new communities and proposals are more important than more familiar places and projects, and the author predicts that the "most productive as well as the most densely populated" part of Canada will one day be the North West.

These developments have been made possible by modern phenomena such as electricity, the airplane, and the finding of new uses for minerals, as well as by the stimulus of war and of strained relations with our Arctic neighbours, the Russians. For this reason one can criticize some of the author's opinion on history in the first chapter, when he discusses "short sightedness," "unjustifiable delays," and "what might have been accomplished" in the past. So many of Canada's developments had to await the large-scale demand, capital, and effort which the early years of the century could not provide, but which now augur well for the years ahead.

But, as the author points out, we should have no mistaken idea that the great new expansion is automatic. It will require vision, ambition, energy, as well as invention, conservation, and planning. No wilful waste will make Canada a land of destiny: no "little Canadianism" will make her people great.

*Canada's Century* is well written, and beautifully printed and illustrated. I should like to see it in every high school

library from St. John's to Victoria, for it will make the geography of Canada live to every young Canadian who reads it. As for adults, well, I issue an open request to Mr. LeBourdais to take me along next time he travels to the North. I'm sure he'll convince me to settle down in Peace River and build a summer home on Great Bear Lake!

Frank MacKinnon.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN'S LETTERS TO EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON (1890-1898), edited with an Introduction, Annotations, a Bibliography with notes, and his "Essay on Happiness" by Arthur S. Bourinot: (Copies available from Arthur S. Bourinot, 158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa); pp. 74; \$2.50.

The spirit of reverence that surrounds in some quarters the works and memory of Archibald Lampman also enfolds this little collection of letters that have been lovingly compiled by Arthur Bourinot. Praise be! exults the Editor time and again, that Mr. Edward William Thomson, short story writer, poet, editor, good friend and good correspondent, lived and preserved this correspondence. And, indeed, praise be to Mr. Thomson for his lively and vigorous friendship which served Lampman so unflinchingly.

Lampman's letters are not the most brilliant of that very special *genre*, neither in terms of content or in style; but they reveal the man as something more than a defeated romanticist in the Civil Service, which is the picture too often supplied to the imagination. We catch him writing:

"When parliament assembles I am going to get a large piece of dynamite and set it under the House of Commons so if any fragments of cabinet ministers or others happen at any time to land in Temple Place you will know what has happened."

Often in these letters one sees that Lampman was a repressed man of action, even a repressed Guy Fawkes (indeed, he wanted to canonize him—Saint Fawkes!), and one senses the pulse that inspired such social poems as *The Modern Politician* and *To a Millionaire*. His hatred of the sorrowing Sundays of Ottawa religiosity is further evidence of his belief that life should be a continuing birth of beauty and source of joy:

"I must say, however, that Sunday is a day that drives me almost to madness. The prim black and collars, the artificial dress of the women, the slow tramping to church, the bells, the silence, the dreariness, the occasional knots of sallow and unhealthy zealots whom one may meet at street corners whining over some awful point in theology . . . till by Sunday night I am in despair and would fain issue forth with pot and brush and colour the town crimson."

Often, however, Ottawa, and other set-backs—rejections of manuscripts, family matters, the prospect of continuance in the Civil Service, and the inner trials that beset the poet—would beleaguer him into the slough of despond and to grim self-analysis: "I am weak; I am a coward. I am a hypochondriac. I am a minor poet of a superior order and that is all."

Few today would claim that Lampman was a major poet, but the excellence that his work does exhibit comes from the devotion of his brief life, to the art of poetry; in these letters he discusses what is evident in his art: his love of Greek, his interest in prosody, his adoration of Keats, his almost religious devotion to nature.

The faults of this privately-printed booklet are several and if this were an academic production they would be serious;

but here gratitude for the private endeavour tempers criticism. The text, however, is riddled with typographical errors to a puzzling degree (Thorean for Thoreau is one of the more serious). The annotations are frequently repetitive. The Introduction is cliché-ridden, though generous in spirit. The bibliography will be useful to students of Lampman, despite its editorializing.

Phyllis Webb.

**TESTAMENT OF A LIBERAL:** Albert Guérard; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. 222; \$5.95.

In the realm of political philosophy, as in Alice's Wonderland, the comfortable certainties of the commonsense world are no longer with us. Our familiar landmarks, political concepts hallowed by long usage, are likely to prove no more than sandbars continually forming and dissolving amid the changing currents of political and social doctrine. Periodically, they must be recharted.

Liberalism, as a philosophical concept, can hardly mean today what it meant to Mill, or to Voltaire, precisely because the restraints and imperfections from which they sought to emancipate society are no longer those of our day, while they could scarcely have anticipated some of our problems even in their wildest nightmares. In the United States recently the very concept of liberalism has been on trial, and it is refreshing to find in these times an eminent scholar willing not only to defend it but even to attempt a redefinition of it, particularly when so many of his younger colleagues have suddenly become engrossed in rediscovering the forgotten virtues of conservatism.

Professor Guérard is at his best in exposing the weaknesses of contemporary American society: its stark materialism; its thralldom to advertising; its emphasis on inequality as a spur to progress; its preference for "realism" and toughness in place of a more civilized approach to human relations; its political corruption; and its imperialistic designs on the remainder of the world. All these criticisms have been made before, but seldom have they been better stated. In part this is due to the author's mastery of incisive English prose, but the chief reasons for his success are the European background which he brings to the study of American institutions, and the historical perspective of a lifelong humanist.

When he turns to specific proposals for reform, however, he will have more difficulty in carrying the reader with him. In particular, his view of the governmental process is colored by so violent an antagonism to political parties that one is inclined to wonder whether a partyless representative assembly of the sort that he advocates would not be stillborn. Guérard may be right in his indictment of parties, but he has not shown that we can do without them.

If similar flaws may be detected in certain of his other proposals, it is because the problem here is a general one in political philosophy. It is always easier to spot individual injustices than to establish—particularly in a single volume—the general conditions for a just society. The weaknesses in Professor Guérard's reform proposals are not so much a reflection upon his powers as a student of social organization as an indication of the magnitude of his task.

K. D. McRae

**LITERARY ESSAYS:** David Daiches; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 225; \$3.35.

This new book by Dr. David Daiches includes several good essays. The essay on "Translating the Hebrew Bible" in particular is compact, lucid and assured in its discussion of the Hebrew original, a French and a German translation, and several English versions; and the one on "The Writing of Scottish Literary History," is likewise an admirable conspectus of a vast and complicated subject—so admirable that

one hopes that the author will be persuaded to write the literary history of Scotland that he envisages.

Perhaps the best single passage—illuminating, original, and yet modest—occurs in the discussion of Dylan Thomas when he compares the text of the "Refusal to Mourn" with a paraphrase in his own deliberately pedestrian verse. The account and defence of Samuel Richardson's novels is sensitive and just—and should come as a breath of fresh air after all the stuffy immoralism that has been prosing away so long to Richardson's disparagement. Welcome too is the vindication of the unromantic and unfeudal in Scott's novels, though this is in line with generally accepted opinion.

Readers of *The New Yorker* will already be familiar with Dr. Daiches' pleasant wit, and he gives an amusing account here of the preposterous Christopher North, professor of Moral Philosophy in nineteenth-century Edinburgh, who used to receive his lectures by post from a friend just in time to read them to his classes with enormous conviction and success.

But if Dr. Daiches has a fault, it is his apparent assumption that everything that he has ever written or said must be published in boards. The essay, given pride of place, on "Guilt and Justice in Shakespeare," while presumably adequate as a public lecture, achieves nothing to warrant its perpetuation—except its filling twenty-five pages of a short book; and the same might be said of the concluding essay on "Poetry and Religion"—a subject to be treated profoundly or not at all. A critic capable of the perception and judgment to which Dr. Daiches can rise should not need to lay claim to all the common notions that happen to be in the air.

William Blissett.

**IVORY TOWERS IN THE MARKET PLACE:** John P. Dyer; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 205; \$3.50.

When universities accepted the policy of providing professional training, not only in theology, law and medicine, but in social work, commerce, architecture, education, engineering and the fine arts, they found themselves deserting the traditional ivory towers and becoming increasingly involved in community service.

Dean John P. Dyer of Tulane University has given us a critical examination of the modern university's role as an evening or community college. His title suggests an emphasis on training for business, but the author goes far beyond this limited concept of University Extension. A growing number of adults are seeking admittance to universities both for credit classes and for the sheer exciting pleasure of intellectual pursuits and new social experience. Statistics will not indicate how many are enrolling in evening classes "to achieve something which will save them from being lost in a great anonymous, faceless mass of society."

For the first time universities have pushed up the age bracket of their students; their clientele includes "the voting, working, creating and influencing components of society now, not at some future date." This new constituency challenges the universities to reconsider the day curriculum adapted for late adolescence, and fitting it to the needs of more mature, or at least vastly more experienced adults.

In planning for an adult student body the universities, the author maintains, should cope immediately with such problems as staff recruitment, a concern to attract the social groups on either side of the broad "middle class," and the need to provide for a sound liberal education for all who have the capacity to assimilate it. His argument is summed up in the final statement that "Neither the world of business nor society in general is one whit concerned over the question of whether a man gets his education in the daytime or in the evening, or at what age he gets it. Evening colleges and day



colleges must, therefore, join hands in the process of education."

*Ivory Towers in the Market Place* is particularly recommended for members of university and college faculties and administrations who benefitted from the recent thought-provoking report prepared by Dr. J. R. Kidd on "Adult Education in the Canadian University." *John K. Friesen.*

**WHEN I WAS A CHILD:** Vilhelm Moberg; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 280; \$4.00.

This is an autobiographical novel by a well-known Swedish novelist and playwright. It is his reminiscences of his growing years on a small farm in a poverty-stricken district of Sweden for which his father was the soldier-elect to the Swedish army in the early days of this century. "Valter Strang" as the writer names his alter ego for purposes of the story, is the seventh child of Soldier Strang.

The grinding poverty, the bleak country and the devastating effect of their hard life on the bodies and souls of his parents and their neighbours is offset only by the strength and courage with which they meet their difficulties. The boy Valter, a child laborer in a glass factory at the age of twelve, becomes a member of the local organisation of Young Socialists, and through this affiliation is made aware of the political and economic factors behind the hard conditions of his life. The solution of his people for almost a century had been emigration to the United States, but Valter, advancing beyond his parents in his thinking, sees that reform is an alternative to escape.

This is a moving story. The earlier chapters remind one of other stories about the fight for existence in such places as the Canadian west and north in their pioneer aspects, but because its protagonist is aware of the larger issues at work in his world it has more significance than many a personal narrative.

*H. T. K.*

## Correspondence

The Editor:

In your otherwise excellent editorial, "The Speaker," there is just one paragraph with which I cannot wholly agree: the one which contrasts the British and Canadian Speakerships. The former, it appears, is altogether admirable, the latter a horrid example of the "wretched state of colonial mind in which we claim to follow the British parliamentary tradition while doing the opposite." This is to say the least, a gross overstatement.

It is true that our Speakers (usually) "alternate between French and English-speaking incumbents," (usually) "hold office during only one parliament," and "are nominated by the government." It is not so true that "they are chosen from the ranks of aspiring supporters who look on the post as . . . stepping stone to better things." Senatorships and Lieutenant-Governorships are hardly "better things," and the cold fact is that, until 1917, only two Speakers out of thirteen were translated to the Cabinet (Mr. Ouimet in 1892 and Mr. Brodeur in 1904). Mr. Séigny went from the Speakership to the Cabinet in 1917. Mr. Rhodes, Speaker from 1917 to 1921, became Premier of Nova Scotia in 1925 and entered the Dominion Cabinet in 1930. If you count him, then, from 1867 to 1940, four Speakers out of eighteen went from the Speakership to the Cabinet. Between 1940 and 1953, however, three of the four Speakers (before Mr. Beaudoin) have gone straight from the Speakership to the Cabinet. But it still remains true that for most of our Speakers, the Speakership has been the culmination of their public careers.

But neither the alteration of French and English-speaking Speakers, nor the holding office usually for only one parliament, nor the nomination by the government, need mean that our Speakership must be the "opposite" of the British. It is fashionable, at the moment, to acclaim the British Speakership as the perfection of competence and impartiality, and to abase ourselves before it, crying that our own is "unclean, unclean." I must decline to follow the fashion. I am as willing as anyone to praise the British Speakership. But I see no reason why we should be unduly humble about our own, down to 1930. On the whole, our first sixteen Speakers, for the first sixty-three years of the Dominion, were reasonably competent and impartial. Since 1930, the standard has fallen lamentably, and people who are too young to remember farther back, or too busy to dig up the facts of our earlier history, assume that as things now are so they must have been from the beginning. But they have not.

If all our Speakers had been as bad as most of the recent ones, one would expect to find that all of them had their rulings appealed as often as the recent ones. But this is not so. The provision for appeal to the House has been there from the start. But from 1867 to 1905 inclusive, there was, as far as I can discover from the *Journals*, not one single appeal. There was one in 1906-07, another in 1909-10, and two more in 1917, a total of four for the first fifteen Speakers. The first ten Speakers, and the thirteenth and fourteenth, had no appeals at all. From 1918 to 1922, inclusive, there were no appeals. Mr. Speaker Lemieux had eleven (four of them in the very difficult session of 1926) in nine sessions. Mr. Speaker Black had sixteen in four sessions, and Mr. Speaker Bowman four in one session. Mr. Speaker Cargrain had five in six sessions, and Mr. Speaker Glen ten in six sessions. Mr. Speaker Fauteux had twenty-eight in five sessions, and Mr. Speaker Macdonald twelve in seven sessions. Mr. Speaker Fauteux alone had seven times as many appeals as the first fifteen Speakers put together; and the last three Speakers before Mr. Beaudoin had over twelve times as many as the first fifteen Speakers put together: fifty in thirteen years, as against four in fifty-four years. Putting it another way, there were four appeals from 1867 to 1922, and eighty-six from 1922 to 1953.

What we need to make the Canadian Speakership what it ought to be is not so much a change to the United Kingdom method of nomination and a permanent Speakership (desirable as that may be) as a return to our own earlier Canadian tradition. In spite of our method of nomination, in spite of the alternation of French and English-speaking Speakers, in spite of the short period of office, down to about twenty years ago we had a pretty good Speakership. Those who held the office had a due sense of its importance, reasonable competence (or better), a high standard of public duty, a real understanding of parliamentary government and the unwritten

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code of decency, moderation and self-restraint which alone makes it workable. The trouble with most of our recent Speakers is that they have lacked one or more of these necessary qualifications.

The reason, I suggest, is that our last three Prime Ministers have not always been careful enough in their nominations to the office, and that the last two have themselves lacked both understanding of, and respect for, parliamentary government. It was under Mr. King and Mr. St. Laurent that the last three Speakers before Mr. Beaudoin piled up their impressive score (or rather two-score-and-ten) of rulings appealed from, and it was Mr. King and Mr. St. Laurent who promoted to the Cabinet three of the seven Speakers who have suffered that sea-change. The fault, dear Brutus, may not be in our Canadian Speakership but in ourselves: in our choice of Prime Ministers these last twenty years or so, and in the general slackening in our standards of public conduct.

*Eugene Forsey, Ottawa, Ont.*

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF SUEZ

(Continued from front page)

national politics and economics will have to be drastically altered by the time Afro-Asian states achieve positions of equality with the rest of the industrialized world.

One need not agree with Toynbee's (and others') ideas of the inevitable rise and fall of civilizations to notice that in international relations the West has entered an era marked by loss of nerve. The initiative in world politics has been assumed by the Soviets on the one hand and the Afro-Asians on the other. The only response the West has produced, on the whole, is one based on the doggedly held assumption that the *status quo* must be preserved.

Instead of utterly failing to understand Egypt's position and threatening it with brute force (thereby assuring Colonel Nasser of virtually unanimous Afro-Asian sympathy) the West should have produced telling ways of showing Egypt that it is in its interests to co-operate with Western states. Britain and France could have considered drastically reducing their consumption of gasoline (by eliminating unnecessary driving, for example); alternative ways of procuring oil (by planning new pipe-lines, larger tankers, increased exploration outside the Middle East) could have been earnestly (and loudly) exploited; the West might have explored the possibility of building an alternative link between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Had these and other measures been known to have been at least discussed at official levels then the West would have been in a better position to exact meaningful guarantees for the unmolested freedom of world shipping through the canal.

The lesson to be learned from the Suez crisis is clear to anyone who wishes to read it: Western statesmanship is sorely in need of vigor and vitality. Unless these are forthcoming the ossification which has crippled the Western response to the challenges of the twentieth century will gradually choke Western civilization as assuredly as grains of sand would, if unchecked, choke the approaches to the Suez canal.

The West is certainly still exhibiting great vitality in some areas, particularly in the field of technology, in industry and in merchandizing. But there are alarming signs that political leaders are unaware of the real crisis of the West or unwilling to risk losing popularity by proposing effective ways of dealing with it. The handling of racial problems at the governmental level in South Africa and in the Southern United States, the almost Stalinist pretense of unanimity at the Republican Convention, protective overtones in the Democratic platform, the recent strike of British automobile workers, French policy in Algeria are only a few instances

which must give pause to those worried about the ability of the West to develop venturesome (and consequently adequate) solutions to its problems. Frank H. Underhill recently suggested at Lake Couchiching that Canada suffers because its leaders are old men. Western response to the Suez crisis leaves no doubt that Western thinking about world problems is dominated by old men, whatever their age.

*JOHN MEISEL.*

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN MEISEL is a political scientist on the staff of Queen's University . . . LESLEY CONGER is a West Coast writer who currently contributes to radio and television programs of the CBC . . . A. F. THOMPSON was lecturer in English for three years in the C.M.S. College, Kottayam, Travancore-Cochin, S. India . . . DESMOND SPARHAM is with the Alberta Division of the Canadian Mental Health Association.

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#### *In a Splitting Wind*

To dig cold clay in this unseasonable weather  
Is almost a too obvious gesture;  
I suspect her of self-conscious  
Symbolism, on her knees  
Probing with trowel and fingers  
Fleshy peony roots  
And last year's bleeding heart.  
Humus and ashes lighten heavy soil  
She says. Her glance incorporates  
Black rectangles of sod,  
Laurel and tall trimmed cedars  
And the television aerial, cruciform  
Against an April cloud.

*Floris McLaren.*